

The Sketch



C. HENTZCHEL 39

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THE PREMIÈRE DANSEUSE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTIN AND SALLNOW, STRAND.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

It was hot enough on the pavement—hot as Tophet, as a Biblical scholar remarked—but, as I mounted the stair of an omnibus at Piccadilly Circus, the air positively frizzled in my ear, like a rasher in a frying-pan. Beside me, on the roof, sat an elderly gentleman, much excited, brandishing a strange instrument, with which he seemed to be taking observations of the sun. "I knew it," he murmured. "The great moment of my life has arrived!" "Fares, please," said the conductor, in a whisper of exhaustion. I paid my modest freight to Fleet Street. "You'll never get there," said the old gentleman. The conductor gasped, "'E's been goin' on like that all the w'y from Putney. Says we're goin' to be burnt up. Ort to be in' Anwell, 'e ort!" There was indignation in that blameless official's voice, indignation not unmixed with anxiety, for the perspiration ran down his face and dropped with a hissing sound on two bronze coins of the realm. "Hanwell!" echoed the old gentleman. "You'll wish yourself in Hanwell presently, my good man. It is a pleasanter destination than the heart of the sun!" he added, flourishing his instrument. "I've predicted this for years, and people have treated me as a lunatic. Editors of scientific journals—ha!—have returned my articles. Mine is the triumph as we enter the universal oven!"

For an instant I thought he was a rejected contributor who had lost his reason; but that speculation was paralysed at its birth. He laid a hand on my knee, and I felt as if a piece of white-hot metal were burning my flesh; then he took out his handkerchief to wipe his brow, and it shrivelled up like tissue-paper in the flame of a match. At the same moment the omnibus gave a curious lurch, as though the ground beneath us had made an upward leap. The atmosphere was like the glow of a furnace, through which I dimly saw the Nelson Column gutter down like a candle in its socket. Then I became aware that I had melted too; there was nothing of me but a voice which said, "This is most inconvenient—I had an important engagement in Fleet Street"; to which the voice of the old gentleman replied, "Man, you are in the middle of the sun! As I foretold long ago to the dull and the blind, the earth is absorbed into the solar incandescence. Do you hear the tribe lamenting?" Certainly there was a confused murmur, as of Fleet Street in complaint, and I seemed to distinguish familiar accents which cried, "Why didn't I think of a special number? 'Swallowed by the Sun'—what a line for the bill! Wonder whether this egregious orb keeps a block of itself on the premises! Here, boy! telephone to Reuter's, and say their machines have stopped working. How on earth can we tell whether showers are coming from Timbuctoo?"

This agreeable nightmare must have been the offspring of a sultry day, and an article in one of the reviews on champagne. I read with astonishment that the taste for dry champagne is insular and barbarous, that the intelligent foreigner who likes his "fizz" sweet has a just contempt for the islander who treats his inside as if it were a pickle-jar, that not one Englishman in a thousand can tell the good brands of champagne from the bad, and that the wine which is shipped to England is prepared solely for the gratification of that eccentricity which makes us the wonder of Europe. I learn these strange matters on the authority of Dr. George Harley, whom I have known and esteemed from my youth upwards, and at whose table I have drunk dry champagne with infinite relish. Why does he turn the memory of it, so to speak, to curds and whey? Though the liquor was dry, the memory is sweet; yet here is the physician who gave the balm seeking to transform it to a rooted sorrow! He commends to my lips the sugared chalice of the foreigner—the Parisian restaurateur, for example, who, as often as not, labels his champagne "extra dry," when he knows that it is liquefied candy. The Frenchman, forsooth, who quaffs this abominable stuff now and then with his *entremets*, is a better judge of champagne than the Englishman who drinks a dry vintage through his dinner! The Gaul is the true connoisseur, and the Briton is a receptacle for pickles!

Some years ago I had occasion to travel from London to Nice, spending a sleepless night in a special train from Paris. On the evening of my arrival there was an elaborate feast at the hotel, a prodigious piece of cookery, dishes succulent, varied, interminable. I kept awake with increasing difficulty, and thirsted for champagne. One glass of that ambrosia, I knew, would save me from the imminent disgrace of dropping my head on the table, and besmirching the fame of Britain before the assembled foreigners. Wine there was in plenty; one red current coursed after

another; but all the juices of the Gironde could not medicine me out of the sleep that was stealing over my faculties. I implored an official of the banquet, himself a wine-bibber of note, to find a bottle of champagne. It came at last, with the ice-pudding. I filled a tumbler and drank—horror!—it was sweeter than all the confections of Fuller in solution! As a boy, I knew no delight to compare with a layer of brown sugar snugly bestowed within a divided roll; I have eaten incalculable quantities of molasses in the American Republic; no one is more keenly alive to the divine qualities of what George Augustus Sala used to call "saccharine matter"; but the deadly sweetness of that champagne at Nice was poison to my inmost soul!

This is one of the serious subjects on which I have strong views. I can forgive Dr. Harley for attributing to Palmerston a mangled version of the joke which Disraeli fathered upon Edward Ellice, the founder of the Reform Club. It was Ellice who, according to Dizzy, declared that the man who said he liked dry champagne would say anything. But what mercy can be shown to the physician who tells us, at this time of day, that the French taste for champagne is the supreme arbiter, that the revolting fluid which my hosts at Nice tipped so complacently with their chocolate-creams was nectar for the demigods? It is notorious that the French do not care for champagne; they postpone it to the end of the feast, on the illogical plea that a sweet wine must accompany sweetmeats; on many French tables it is never seen at all. I suspect Dr. Harley of the same indifference, for he talks of the popularity of champagne in this country as of a passing craze. The pontiff of wines is to be deposed, and a schism of stagnant potions to reign in its stead! Think of the realms of fancy to which the bubbling amber has translated many a soaring spirit, and then consider whether that upward flight is possible to souls convoyed by claret! Dr. Harley might as well preach the stimulating properties of glycerine.

Are editors loved of their contributors? Somebody has written an article in the *National Review* to put them in their proper places. They are reminded that the business of editing often produces a peculiarly obnoxious kind of tyranny. They take a painfully narrow view of what is expected by their readers. After all, why should an editor know any more than the gifted contributor what is best for the public? The most admirable articles are frequently rejected on the frivolous plea that they are not "topical," as if it were not the right of the contributor to make his own topics! When equality becomes a tangible institution instead of a conventional figment, editors will be abolished, and contributors will settle the priority of their immortal works by the agreeable device of shaking up numbers in a hat. This is not ideal, but, at least, it is better than entrusting the decrees of fate to the biased intelligence of an editor. Why, he has actually been known to decline an article because its sentences did not parse, or because it was written on both sides of the paper, or for some reason equally remote from the true purpose of publishing.

On the other hand, editors have their punishments. A just Providence has appointed to them tormentors, by whom they are beset from morn till eve. The tormentor is the contributor who seems to be a likely hand for a particular employment, and fails most signally at the crucial moment; or she—it is sometimes she!—brings useful information which has to be disentangled from minor inaccuracies. There are always whips like these to chasten the editor, and a fair flagellant may lay on with scorpions. Another tormentor is she who entreats him to forget that he is an editor and remember he is a man. That appeal produces uncomfortable commotions in his mind; he wonders whether, after all, he is not worse than a slave-driver on the plains of Equatorial Africa; he has visions of a garret in which, by the light of one candle, a starving contributor is painfully writing copy for the waste-paper basket; he shudders to think that another Hood may rise and confound him with the "Song of the Par." I know an editor who took a house and proceeded to add a storey to its proportions. There came a building strike, and the premises were picketed. "You must expect that," I said, "in a strike!" "Bless you!" said the editor. "The pickets are contributors disguised as trade unionists!" The unfortunate man took a wife about the same time, and, desiring to be married quietly, gave no intimation to the world of the sanctuary where the ceremony was to be performed. When he arrived at the church he found it full of contributors, who explained with an innocent air that they were studying the London places of worship for a new and original series of articles. At the railway station there were more of them, and Calais pier was blocked by a familiar crowd, who stated without a blush that it was inspecting the new harbour works for the bridegroom's journal. Who can say that editors do not bear their crosses?

THE RETURN OF MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

There is a French story which pretends that once, outside a provincial theatre, could be seen the announcement, "Ce soir, représentation de 'Carmen,' musique de G. Bizet : on coupera la musique comme nuisant à l'action." To-day "Carmen" can be seen at the Gaiety without the music, or rather, with just enough of it to excite the appetite. But why anyone should go to hear it at the Gaiety instead of Covent Garden, where can be had the lovely music—unless it be one "that hath no music in himself," and consequently is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils—I cannot tell. For Mr. Henry Hamilton's version is no improvement on the excellent book of the opera, and Miss Nethersole, though she has little singing to attend to—and the little, rubbish—does not show such superiority as actress over the operatic singers as to compensate for loss of the music. Indeed, Calvé's Carmen, regarded as a mere piece of acting, puts the Gaiety performance in the shade.

I do not pretend to be prudish, profess to have been shocked at the Gaiety, or even sympathise with those who were, since I prefer the scholarly use of the word sympathy; but I can well understand the indignation expressed to me concerning Miss Olga Nethersole's performance. I have never before, save in "Nana," which had a *succès de scandale* at the Porte St. Martin, seen such an uncompromising presentation of a third-rate member of Rahab's profession: there is a flavour of Leicester Square in the matter. Some people, no doubt, will pretend that this sort of thing is within the realms of dramatic art. There is no need to touch the whole question; it is enough to say that the coarseness of Miss Nethersole is neither needful nor pleasing. "Carmen," after all, presents a creature of some charm, and the noticeable feature of Miss Nethersole's work was lack of charm. It showed great cleverness without genius, and had even touches of the comic and the grotesque. Her exit in the third act on hands and knees would probably have excited yells of derision if the darkness had not hidden it from most of the house, while the noises she made when dying caused no little laughter. It was all very well, having portrayed Carmen as a kind of beast, trying to make her die as a brute, but the effort, as a whole, reminded one too much of a pig-sticking. I have always had a hearty belief in the ability of Miss Olga Nethersole, but begin to feel that the craving for notoriety at any price will render her gifts of small value. So far as the rest of the company is concerned, one may be liberal in moderate praise. Mr. Dalton, the Don José, gave a not very vivid picture of the Basque soldier. Miss Ashwell was charming, and others did good work. The play was very prettily mounted, and it is to be regretted that the acting of the chief part is by no means work of which the actress may be proud.



CARMEN (to DOLORES): Well, you shall see him alone; he shall be free to choose between us.

Photo by Byron, New York.

THE RETURN OF MISS MAY YOHE.

When Mr. Mackinder appeared with a footprint on that part of his coat which would have been absent had he worn an Eton jacket, someone in the Court Theatre pit gave a yell of amusement—one cannot call it a laugh—that filled me with terror. I was in the last row of the stalls, and throughout the evening that laugh followed every effort at humour—followed even such an effort as Miss May Yohe's kick at the part of Mr. Mackinder's system which would have been unprotected by the Eton jacket. The yell—I do not think it fair to the race glorified by Swift to call it even a horse-laugh—soon got on my nerves, and I began to feel that if the piece could please the utterer of such an empty, idiotic sound, it must be bad. Then it occurred to me that the noise might cause one to do an injustice, and I resolved to write politely of the piece, so that it should not suffer on account of any bias.

However, now that the yell is but an unpleasant memory, I feel justified in saying that "Mam'zelle Nitouche" is a poor compensation for a visit to the theatre. Success really depends upon the talent of the heroine, and Miss May Yohe has very little talent. Her curious female bass voice, which in "The Magic Opal" was rather pleasing, seems to have been injured by abuse, disuse, or misuse, and her ignorance of the art of singing renders her efforts trying to those accustomed to listen to the work of professional vocalists. Romping is a poor substitute for acting—except, perhaps, in the eyes of the owner of the yell—and Miss Yohe romped rather than acted.

As a piece, "Mam'zelle Nitouche" certainly does not deserve the honour of a second revival. Hervé's music is commonplace and thin—has, indeed, no merit, save that when wedded to clever words it gives a chance of distinction to a clever *diseuse*. The lyrics, however, of

the nameless adapter are clumsy. Certainly Mr. Mackinder displayed some cleverness in singing his songs—it is a great pity that he does not seem to know the meaning of the word restraint—and Mr. Robert Pateman once more showed that he is ingenious enough to sing effectively without a voice. Why his song, "My Galloping Horse," which made a hit at the Opera Comique and the Duke of York's, did not get an encore, I cannot guess; it deserved one. Miss Florence Levey's dancing was not of its usual excellence. This may be due to the fact that she has lately been dancing on bare boards and a big stage: very little room was given to her at the Court. She seems to be a proof of the theory that dancing injures the voice, for I remember that she sang prettily in "The Sultan of Mocha," at the Strand. Mr. Joseph Tapley, the one member of the company who can be called a vocalist, has acquired curious mannerisms that sadly affect his pretty voice.

THE OPERA.

On Thursday week London, for the *n*'th time, saw a new Santuzza in the person of Mdlle. D'Alma at Covent Garden. She belongs to that school of Santuzzas—for, indeed, there are two schools—of which, dramatically, Madame Duse stands the supreme head. When, years ago, Madame Bellincioni first took the part, it might have been thought that only one interpretation was possible. She showed then, as Duse showed later, that Santuzza was a dowd, peevish, passionate, and jealous, not attractive, and with all a highly emotional woman's capacity for mischief and irresponsible government of self. Then suddenly Calvé appeared upon the scene, radiant, lovely, full of sexual divinity, and overwhelming. It clearly was not the Santuzza of "Cavalleria Rusticana," and no Lola could ever compensate for her desertion; but it was genius, and, as such, the world cried, "Bravo!" Since that date, therefore, there have been two Santuzzas, the fascinating and the repelling. The first is the most difficult in which to achieve supreme success; the second is the easiest in which to find complete failure. As has been said, Mdlle. D'Alma belongs to the second, or original school, and she by no means fails. She has a pleasant if occasionally uncertain voice, and her dramatic capabilities are anything but shabby. On her first appearance she showed a certain natural nervousness, but through it all she yet convinced one of her promise.

On Saturday week came the performance of the season, eclipsing even the "Tannhäuser" of the week previous, "Die Meistersinger," with Edouard de Reszke as Hans Sachs, Jean de Reszke as Walther, Madame Eames as Eva, Mr. Bispham as Beckmesser, M. Plançon as Pogner, and M. Bonnard as David. It was a noble cast, which acquitted itself nobly. Edouard de Reszke's Hans Sachs could give points to any known interpretation ever seen even in the Fatherland and still win in a canter. Vocally it was magnificent, dramatically it was superb; it was dignified, subtly humorous, and enormously powerful. M. Jean de Reszke was an exquisite Walther, and, as Eva, Madame Eames acted well and sang gloriously. Mr. Bispham was good, but a little anxious and inclined to exaggeration, and the orchestra played throughout with amazing insight and spirit.

Little need be said of "Marta," given on Tuesday week, with Miss Engle, Mdlle. Mantelli, M. Edouard de Reszke, and Signor Cremonini in the chief parts. The revival was an interesting example of a musical minor epoch which has lost most of its interest for the present generation. Composed within forty years ago—since the time, that is, of the composition of "Tannhäuser"—yet it is dead and empty and mouldering, while "Tannhäuser" seems still in its early youth. The set, obvious melodies, the complex and nearly unintelligible plot,



M. PLANÇON.

Photo by Dupont, New York.

and the thin orchestration are all irritating nowadays to hear and digest; not even the popular beauties of "The Last Rose of Summer" could atone for all this. The singers did their best, and the orchestra, under Bevignani, played less well than in the ten thousand times more difficult "Tannhäuser."

A BELGIAN VIOLINIST.

M. Marix Loevensohn, who is probably the most brilliant pupil of the famous Brussels Conservatoire, is the son of the Director of a French international commercial enterprise of considerable importance, and was born at Courtrai in 1880. At the age of six he began to study the piano, and, four years later, the cello. After taking preliminary lessons, he became a pupil of M. Louis Vanderheyden, friend and colleague of Servais, and when under fourteen years of age won his first prize, after six months' presence at the Conservatoire. This was in June 1894, and just twelve months later he gained, by the unanimous decision of the jury, the highest award the Conservatoire can possibly bestow, namely, the first prize, "with the greatest distinction and a maximum of marks." Late last season (1895) M. Loevensohn gave a grand concert in London, when his playing elicited the unanimous applause of the whole daily and weekly Press. Since then he has been heard in several Continental cities, and especially in the famous Concerts Colonne of Paris.



M. MARIX LOEVENSOHN.

IRISH SONG.

AIR—"I'M THE BOY FOR BEWITCHING THEM!"

By the Author of "Father O'Flynn."

When I was a boyo, a pretty coat
Kilting my bare little knees,
I never caught sight of a petticoat
But it was bound for to please.
While other young spalpeens ferociously
Screamed for the moon in the sky,
I found my delight, more precociously,
Deep in some feminine eye.
My comrades for sweeties would holloa,
When cuddled by Madam or Miss;
Myself, like young Phœbus Apollo,
Just cocked up my mouth for a kiss.

When I was a boyo, a pretty coat
Kilting my bare little knees,
I never caught sight of a petticoat
But it was bound for to please.

Well, next when I got full promotion
To jacket and trousers and shirt,
I scouted the scandalous notion
Of slighting one bodice or skirt;
Yes! scorning all cold circumspection,
Lest one single lass I should vex,
I offered impartial affection
To all of the opposite sex.
But since I've arrived at maturity,
Somehow or other I miss
My earlier sense of security
After an innocent kiss.

When I was a boyo, &c.

Yes, now, though it seems most perfidious
So many to leave in the lurch,
And even entirely invidious
To take but one charmer to church—
For all that my conscience is twitching me;
Since she's the brightest and best,
My Molly, whose beauty's bewitching me,
Here's my good-bye to the rest!
And Molly, agra, when you're one with me,
Though my acquaintance is wide,
You'll find me, when all's said and done with me,
Seldom far off from your side.

For since but a child in a pretty coat,
Caught to a charming girl's knee,
I ne'er knew, in bodice and petticoat,
Maiden like Molly Magee.

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ACHILL ISLAND, and SLIGO. For Grand and Picturesque combinations of Mountain, Lake, and
Ocean Scenery, the West of Ireland cannot be surpassed. Excellent Salmon, Trout, and Pike
Fishing in the district. The RAILWAY to CLIFDEN and to ACHILL is NOW OPEN.

INFORMATION as to Fares, Routes, and Hotels will be supplied by
JOSEPH TATLOW, Manager, Midland Great Western Railway,
Broadstone Station, Dublin.

SWITZERLAND.—New Express route, via Hook of Holland. Bâle
in 23 hours. HARWICH-HOOK of HOLLAND to the Continent, daily (Sundays included).
Quickest route to Holland (to Amsterdam 11 hours) and cheapest to Germany.

HARWICH-ANTWERP route for Brussels, The Ardennes, Switzerland, &c., every week-day.
Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.30 p.m. Direct service to Harwich,
via Lincoln or Peterborough and March, from Scotland, the North, and Midlands, saving
time and money. Dining-car from York, via March. HAMBURG by G.S.N. Co.'s fast passenger
steamers "Peregrine" and "Seamew" Wednesdays and Saturdays. Cheap tickets and tours to all
parts of the Continent. Read the G.E.R. Co.'s "Tourist Guide to the Continent," fully illustrated,
price 6d., post 8d. Particulars at the G.E.R. Co.'s American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W.;
or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—ASCOT RACES, JUNE 16, 17,
18, and 19. ORDINARY TRAINS (First, Second, Third Class) leave PADDINGTON
for WINDSOR at 8.20, 9.40, 11.5 a.m., 12.20, 1.20, and 1.55 p.m.; and return at 4.15, 4.45, 5.40,
7.5, 7.20, 8.35, 9.45, 10.20, and 10.55 p.m. On EACH DAY SPECIAL TRAINS (First, Second,
Third Class, ordinary fares) will leave PADDINGTON for WINDSOR at 9.18, 10.10, 10.35, 10.52,
11.28 a.m., and 12.10 p.m.; and on the "CUP DAY," JUNE 18, SPECIAL TRAINS. In addition to
those mentioned, will leave PADDINGTON at 9.30 and 9.52 a.m. FREQUENT SPECIALS will
leave WINDSOR for PADDINGTON after the RACES each day.

RETURN FARES, PADDINGTON and WINDSOR, First Class, 5s. 6d.; Second Class, 4s.;
Third Class, 3s. 6d. EXCURSIONS EACH DAY, THIRD CLASS RETURN, 2s. 6d.
WELL-APPOINTED BRAKES will be provided to convey passengers from WINDSOR
STATION to the COURSE and BACK, at the following fares—TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and
FRIDAY, 5s.; THURSDAY, 7s.

HY. LAMBERT, General Manager.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

ROYAL COUNTIES AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT EASTBOURNE,

Tuesday, June 9, to Friday, June 12, inclusive.

Cheap Return Tickets will be issued each day of the Show, from Victoria 9.50 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.38 a.m., from Kensington (Addison Road) 9.12 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, and Battersea, from London Bridge 9.45 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon. Returning by any Train the same or following day, 15s., 10s. 6d., 6s.

Cheap Day Return Tickets will be issued on Thursday and Friday, June 11 and 12, from Victoria 8.10 a.m., Clapham Junction 8.15 a.m., London Bridge 8.5 a.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon. Returning from Eastbourne 8.40 p.m. Fare 4s. For full particulars see Hand-bills.

BRIGHTON RACES, JUNE 10 and 11.—SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS (Third Class, Day Tickets 4s.), from VICTORIA and LONDON BRIDGE 8.55 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, New Cross, and East Croydon; returning same day only 7.10 p.m.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS at Ordinary Fares (First and Second Class only) will leave LONDON BRIDGE and VICTORIA at 10.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and East Croydon; returning at 4 and 5.50 p.m.

The Cheap Bookings to Brighton by Ordinary Trains from above Stations will be suspended on these days.

CHEAP DAY RETURN TICKETS will be issued from Portsmouth, Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and Intermediate Stations, as per Hand-bills.

LINGFIELD RACES, JUNE 12 and 13.—SPECIAL FAST TRAINS (First and Third Class) from Victoria and London Bridge 11.25 a.m., New Cross 11.35 a.m., East Croydon 12.5 p.m.; from Kensington (Addison Road) 11.35 a.m., calling at West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, and Clapham Junction. Returning immediately after the Races.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (First Class only) for Club Members will leave Victoria 12.30 p.m.

A SPECIAL TRAIN (First and Third Class) will leave Brighton (Central Station) at 12.30 p.m., calling at Haywards Heath; returning immediately after the Races.

A SPECIAL TRAIN (First and Third Class) will leave Tunbridge Wells at 12.30 p.m., calling at Groombridge and East Grinstead; returning immediately after the Races.

For full particulars, Special Cheap Fares (including admission to the Course), see Hand-bills.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

ASCOT RACES

ON TUESDAY, 16th, WEDNESDAY, 17th, THURSDAY, 18th, and FRIDAY, 19th JUNE. THE STATION AT ASCOT IS WITHIN 400 YARDS OF THE GRAND STAND, THE WHOLE DISTANCE BEING BY AN ASPHALTED PATH.

SPECIAL FAST TRAINS at frequent intervals from WATERLOO, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, Clapham Junction, Twickenham, and Staines to ASCOT.

ON THE RACE-DAYS CERTAIN OF THE ORDINARY TRAINS WILL BE SUSPENDED and SPECIAL TRAINS will run at Special Fares as aforesaid.

ON MONDAY, JUNE 15, A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave WATERLOO Station for ASCOT at 4.20 p.m., and other SPECIAL TRAINS as the traffic may require, also extra Trains for Horses and Carriages.

CHEAP SPECIAL TRAIN on June 16, 17, 18, and 19 will leave WATERLOO Station for ASCOT at 8.35 a.m., Hammersmith 8.16, Kensington (Addison Road) 8.29, West Brompton 8.32, Chelsea 8.34 a.m., returning from Ascot at 7 p.m., calling at Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Richmond, Twickenham, Staines, and Virginia Water, both going and returning, at Single Journey, 3s. 6d., Return, 5s. 6d.

SPECIAL TRAINS (FIRST and SECOND CLASS) FROM WATERLOO TO ASCOT on each of the FOUR RACE-DAYS from 9.30 a.m. till 12.45 p.m., returning from ASCOT to LONDON after the Races till 7 p.m. THESE SPECIAL TRAINS will, as a rule, stop at Clapham Junction, Twickenham, and Staines in both Directions (except that, between 10.45 and 11.45 a.m., the Down Trains will stop only at Staines, and that some of the earlier Return Specials will not stop between Ascot and Vauxhall).

SPECIAL FARES ON ALL THE RACE-DAYS AFTER 9.30 a.m. by SPECIAL TRAINS TO ASCOT; Single Journey, first class, 7s. 6d.; second class, 6s.; return, first class, 12s. 6d.; second class, 10s. RETURN TICKETS, FIRST CLASS, AVAILABLE FOR ALL THE FOUR DAYS, 42s.

ADDITIONAL BOOKING OFFICES.—Tickets may be procured and general information given on and after Saturday, June 13, at the Company's West-End Office, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; the Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross; the City Office, Exeter Buildings, Arthur Street West; Dun Horse Yard, High Street, Borough; Limehouse Office, 79, Commercial Road; Swan with Two Necks, Gresham Street, City; Lavington's, 69, Old Bailey; Bolt-in-Tun, 61, Fleet Street; George and Blue Boar, Holborn; Kingston's, 37 and 39, Southampton Street, Fitzroy Square; First Avenue Hotel, Holborn; Red Cap, 6, Camden Road, N.W.; and 99, Leadenhall Street; Messrs. Ashton's Library, 38, Old Bond Street, W. (Third Class Tickets will not be issued at this Office); Empire Office, 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate, W.; Myers' Offices, 313, Gray's Inn Road, and 1a, Pentonville Road, N.; also at Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations. Tickets may also be procured at Messrs. Tattersalls, Albert Gate, on and after Monday, June 18.

The Company's West-End Office, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; the Central Office, 9, Grand Hotel Buildings, Charing Cross, and Lavington's, 69, Old Bailey, E.C., will remain open until 10 p.m. on Monday, June 15th, Tuesday, 16th, Wednesday, 17th, and Thursday, 18th, for the sale of Tickets and for giving general information.

ON TUESDAY, JUNE 16, WEDNESDAY, 17th, THURSDAY, 18th, and FRIDAY, 19th, the Cheap Excursion Trains to Virginia Water, Windsor, Twickenham, Teddington, and Kingston from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and other Stations, will not run.

CHAS. SCOTTER, General Manager.

QUICK CHEAP ROUTE TO DENMARK, SWEDEN, and NORWAY, via Harwich and Esbjerg.—The Steamers of the United Steamship Company of Copenhagen sail from Harwich (Pierston Quay) for ESBJERG every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, after arrival of the train leaving London, Liverpool Street Station, at 7.15 p.m.; returning from Esbjerg every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, after arrival of 9.5 a.m. train from Copenhagen. Return Fares—Esbjerg, 5s.; Copenhagen, 80s. 3d. The service will be performed (weather and other circumstances permitting) by the Steamships "Koldinghus" and "Nidaros." These fast steamers have excellent accommodation for passengers, and carry no cattle. For further information address Tegner, Price, and Co., 107, Fenchurch Street, London; or the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

SHORTEST SEA ROUTE TO IRELAND, VIA STRANRAER and LARNE. Open Sea Passage 80 minutes; Port to Port 2 hours. Two Sailings each way, daily (Sundays excepted).

BELFAST AND NORTHERN COUNTIES RAILWAY.

Excursions to Portrush, Giant's Causeway, Glengariff, Whitchurch (for Cliff Walks at Blackhead), and Larne. Circular Tours round Antrim Coast.

NORTHERN COUNTIES RAILWAY HOTEL, PORTRUSH. Beautifully situated; Magnificent Sea and Coast Views. Hot and Cold Sea-Water Baths; Golf Links; Musical Promenades. Terms on application to G. O'B. Hamilton, Hotel Manager, Portrush.

For full information apply to EDWARD J. COTTON, General Manager, Northern Counties Railway, Belfast.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY (IRELAND).

NOTICE TO TOURISTS.

THE PRINCIPAL SEASIDE AND HEALTH RESORTS OF IRELAND ARE SITUATED ON THIS COMPANY'S SYSTEM.

BUNDORAN (on the Atlantic Coast) is pronounced by eminent medical authorities to be the most invigorating Seaside resort in the Kingdom, and is within a few miles, by rail, of LOUGH ERNE (the Irish Lakes), which district offers splendid sport for Rod and Gun.

ROSTREVOR.—Balmy and restorative climate.

WARRENPOINT, MALAHIDE, and HOWTH.—Exhilarating and attractive health resorts.

VISIT THE VALLEY OF THE BOYNE, and view the Ruins of MELLIFONT ABBEY,

MONASTERBOICE, and NEWGRANGE TUMULUS (the Pyramids of Europe).

CHEAP TICKETS AND CIRCULAR TOURS. WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED GUIDE

Dublin, June 1896. HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will CLOSE on or before FRIDAY, the 12th inst., for TOWN, and SATURDAY, the 13th, for the COUNTRY, when the Directors will proceed to allotment. The original Shareholders in the Empire Palace (Limited), London, have already received their capital back several times over in dividends, and the £1 shares (with 1s. a-share paid up) are now quoted at about £4, or a premium of over 400 per cent. The highly profitable nature of Variety Theatre Companies is shown by a reference to the following figures, which are obtained from the "Stock Exchange Official List," "Stock Exchange Year-Book," and other authentic sources—

Name of Company.	Last Year's Dividend. Per Cent.	Name of Company.	Last Year's Dividend. Per Cent.
New Tivoli, London	20	Empire, Edinburgh	10
London Pavilion	10	Empire, Newcastle	10
Empire, Portsmouth	12	Star, Dublin	17½
Marina, Ramsgate	10	Alhambra	11½

THE CAMBRIDGE, LIMITED.—Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890, whereby the liability of Shareholders is limited to the amount (if any) unpaid on their Shares.—Capital, £65,000, in 13,000 Shares of £5 each. Payable 10s. per Share on Application, £2 10s. on Allotment, £1 one month after Allotment, and £1 two months after Allotment. Shareholders, however, have the privilege of paying up in full on Allotment, thereby entitling them to full dividends from the date of payment.

DIRECTORS.

JACOB BRADFORD, Esq., Mus. Doc. Oxon. (Director of the Ramsgate Marina Pier and Lift Company, Limited), 43, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, W.

HERBERT JOCELYN SHAW, Esq. (Director of the Liverpool Palace of Varieties, Limited), 11, Little Stanhope Street, Mayfair, W.

HAROLD PLOWMAN, Esq. (Director of the Tivoli, Manchester, Limited), Avenue Mansions, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

L. ANSTED BROWNE, Esq. (Director of the Tivoli, Leicester, Limited), Union Court Chambers, Old Broad Street, E.C.

BANKERS.—THE LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING COMPANY (Limited), 21, Lombard Street, London, E.C., Shoreditch, and other Branches.

BROKER.—JOHN HOWARD GILL, Esq., Bartholomew House, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

SOLICITORS.—MESSRS. NASH, FIELD, and CO., 12, Queen Street, Cheapside, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.—MESSRS. ARTHUR GODDARD and CO., Chartered Accountants, St. George's House, Eastcheap, E.C.

SECRETARY.—MR. WILLIAM O. CARTER.

REGISTERED OFFICES.—77, King William Street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring, reconstructing, and carrying on the well-known and old-established "Cambridge" Theatre of Varieties, Commercial Street, London, E.C., one of the most popular places of entertainment in the Metropolis.

The premises were erected as a variety theatre upwards of thirty years since, and were acquired sixteen years ago by Mr. William Riley, who carried on the business with the greatest success until January of the present year, when the buildings were partially destroyed by fire. The property was fully insured, and the claim, having now been agreed by the Insurance Companies, the premises will be rebuilt immediately, but with the addition of several modern improvements, which will add to the comfort and convenience of the patrons, and, at the same time, increase the receipts. The plans have already been prepared, and the new hall is expected to be completed and opened by the Autumn, the Vendor agreeing to pay interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on the paid-up capital of the Company until the reopening.

Mr. Riley having for a long time past been ill-health, and unable to give the necessary attention to the business, it has been decided to transfer this valuable property to a Joint-Stock Company, and to give the numerous patrons and others an opportunity of participating in the profits of the undertaking.

PARTICULARS OF THE PROPERTY.

The "Cambridge," which has for many years been fully licensed as a Theatre of Varieties, and also for the sale of wines, spirits, beer, &c., is situated in a densely populated district, where there is practically no competition, and the great popularity of the Hall is such that hundreds of persons are frequently turned away for want of accommodation.

The premises, which are entirely freehold, contain a superficial area of 7476 feet, and have a frontage of 86 feet to Commercial Street, one of the most important London thoroughfares (trams passing the door), and are within a few minutes' walk of Shoreditch, Liverpool Street, Broad Street, and Bishopsgate Stations of the Great Eastern, North London, and Metropolitan Railways. The old hall held about 2000 persons, but the new building which it is proposed to erect will be one of the handsomest halls in the Kingdom, and will be so arranged as to largely increase the seating accommodation.

MANAGEMENT.

The Company has secured the services, as Manager, of Mr. E. V. Page, who has acted in that capacity for the past thirteen years at the Cambridge, and is well known in this particular class of business; and an excellent and popular entertainment will continue to be provided on the most economical lines consistent with efficiency. One of the Directors is also on the Board of the Ramsgate Marina Pier and Lift Company, Limited (proprietors of the Marina Palace of Varieties, Ramsgate), which under the present direction has been made an exceedingly remunerative undertaking, while all the other Directors are on the Boards of well-known Variety Theatre Companies. The importance of this arrangement must be apparent to everyone, as not only will the Cambridge have the benefit of the Directors' experience in connection with similar undertakings, but it will enable them (as it is intended to do) to enter into arrangements with artists to appear at the five Halls with which the Directors are associated on terms much more favourable to the Company than could otherwise be obtained.

DIVIDENDS.

It is well known that the popular taste for the class of entertainment given at the leading Variety Theatres has been rapidly increasing of late years, in proof of which may be mentioned the dividends paid by similar Companies and the premiums which their Shares command, particulars of which are given below; and, with the additional advantages which the "Cambridge" will possess in the future, it may be confidently anticipated that its uninterrupted success for over a quarter of a century will not only be maintained, but very considerably increased.

Another great advantage of a business of this description is the fact that it is entirely ready money, and consequently not only are bad debts an impossibility, but practically no working capital is necessary.

The Directors have satisfied themselves as to the highly profitable nature of the concern, and after taking into consideration the past working and future prospects of the business, and the moderate capital of the Company, they are of opinion that dividends of from 15 to 20 per cent. will be earned, and that the investment will prove a lasting source of revenue to the Shareholders.

The following are the quotations of the Shares of some of the principal Variety Theatre Companies at the time of framing this Prospectus—

	Shares	Are quoted at	Or a premium of
Empire, London	£1 (1s. paid)	£4 0 0	400 per cent.
Alhambra, London	10	18 0 0	80 "
Palace, London	10s.	0 17 6	75 "
London Pavilion	£5	6 0 0	20 "
New Tivoli	5	10 0 0	100 "
Edinburgh Empire	5	8 12 6	70 "
Birmingham	5	6 5 0	25 "
Newcastle	5	6 2 6	22½ "
Sheffield	5 (£4 paid)	6 10 0	52½ "
Glasgow	5 (£3 paid)	4 7 6	45 "
Cardiff, Newport, and Swansea Empires	5 (£3 paid)	3 17 6	30 "

CONTRACTS.

The Vendor undertakes to transfer the whole of the freehold property, to erect the buildings in accordance with the plans and specifications of the Company's architect, and to transfer the same completely decorated and furnished (subject to a mortgage of £27,000 at 4½ per cent. per annum) for the sum of £55,650, and further agrees to pay interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum on the paid-up capital of the Company until the reopening of the Hall. The Vendor, who has the fullest confidence in the success of the Company, will also defray all expenses of registration, printing, advertising, &c., up to and including allotment, and stipulates for the right to apply for, and have allotted to him, in part payment of the purchase-money, one-third of the share capital issued, on the same terms as the allotment is made to the public.

The following contracts have been entered into—

(a) Contract dated May 4, 1896, between William Riley, of the one part, and James Wilson, of the other part. (b) Contract dated May 6, 1896, between the said James Wilson, of the one part, and William Oliphant Carter, as Trustee on behalf of the Company, of the other part.

Contracts with nearly all the best-known and most popular artists, extending over the next three years, have been entered into, and as these amount to some hundreds, it would be impracticable to specify them. Many of these Contracts having been entered into some time since, the artists have been secured at salaries considerably less than they command at the present time, the entire benefit of which arrangement the Company will receive.

Certain arrangements have also been made with respect to the incorporation and formation of the Company and for guaranteeing the subscription of a portion of the capital, which may be considered Contracts within the meaning of section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867. Applicants for Shares must therefore be deemed to have notice of all Contracts, to have waived the right to any further particulars other than those set out in this Prospectus, and to accept the above statement as a sufficient compliance with the aforesaid section.

STOCK EXCHANGE QUOTATION.

Application will be made to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for a settlement and quotation in the Official List.

Where no Allotment is made the deposit will be at once returned in full, and where a less number of Shares is allotted than that applied for, the balance will be credited in reduction of the amount due on Allotment.

The Contract for sale above specified, Memorandum and Articles of Association, may be seen and all other information obtained at the Offices of the Company.

Messrs. Thomson and Braithwaite's Report accompanies the Prospectus.

Forms of Application can be obtained from the Bankers or Secretary of the Company.

"THE QUEEN'S PROCTOR," AT THE ROYALTY.

On the whole, Mr. Herman Merivale has done his work cleverly. No doubt a great deal of the fun of "Divorçons" has disappeared, and the ending of "The Queen's Proctor" is quite flat. On the other hand, the new version is an amusing farcical comedy, with some capital scenes, in which the art of the authors pierces through the adaptation. It is, however, a pity that Mr. Merivale, instead of transplanting the piece to an impossible English hunting society, in consequence of which he is compelled to overburden the actress of Cyprienne with dialect, did not let the play pass in France. English hunting society, where men go out in pink to dine at a country inn—where there is an inn that can, offhand, serve up a bisque and quails, is rather startling.

There is a curious feeling of insincerity in the piece, founded on the fact that in the original the whole basis is sexual love, whilst in the adaptation a higher form of passion is the theme; yet the entire machinery of the piece, down to the pepper and refusal of coffee, is the same in both. Moreover, though the atmosphere is supposed to be English and the heroine Italian, there is throughout the French feeling. By treating the heroine and the lover as Italians who speak in broken English, Mr. Merivale has been forced into the absurdity of making them talk in a foreign tongue when alone together, and even causing him to write love-letters to her in the language that they both detest.

Perhaps it is needless, when a play really is amusing, to quarrel over errors in detail, but one could have wished that Mr. Merivale had rewritten the farce or been more faithful: many of his touches are quite incongruous.

The acting certainly was good. One may first mention Miss Mabel Beardsley, since she is a new-comer. Her presentation of the widow who wishes the divorce law extended, so that more men may be "put into circulation," was a very clever piece of comic work. I wish she would abandon her ugly red gown. Miss Beardsley, let me say in parenthesis, is the sister of Aubrey Beardsley, with whom, as a child, she used to recite at various concerts and "At Homes." Later on she became a high school teacher, having obtained first-class honours in the Higher Cambridge Locals, and was among the first five of those who intended to take up teaching. On account of this success she was offered a scholarship at Newnham College by Miss Gladstone. During her brief theatrical career she has played Mrs. Wanklyn in "John-a-Dreams," Lady Basildon in "An Ideal Husband," and has been understudying at the Haymarket and Criterion. She made her débüt in London, as Edith in "Dearest Mama," with great success, at a matinée not long ago. Miss Violet Vanbrugh was surprisingly good as the Cyprienne. Mr. Arthur Bouchier acted ably as the husband, though without the air of earnestness demanded by Mr. Merivale's version. Mr. Elliot did his work skilfully as the lover, but the part was not very effective. Much praise is due to Mr. Ernest Hendrie and Mr. Mark Kinghorne, and some to Mr. Harry Baynton.

SOME SIDE-SHOWS.

The past week has been a terrible one for the first-nighter. In addition to productions at the Court, the Royalty, the Lyceum, and the Gaiety, there were three side-shows which have to be noted. At the Theatre Métropole in Camberwell a piece entitled "One of the Girls," comprehensively described as "a musical what you please," was produced for the first time in London on Monday week, the night on which Miss Yohe revived "Mam'zelle Nitouche" at the Court Theatre. When you consider that five people are responsible for the production, namely, Herbert Darnley and S. A. Sladd for the book, and Messrs. Crook, Jones, and Lütz for the music, you will understand that "One of the Girls" lacks cohesiveness, to put it mildly. Need it be said that it has no particular plot. The heroine, a young lady of mysterious origin, is a member of Miss Taplow's seminary. Her guardian, a financier of the best-recognised stage-type, wishes to marry her for her fortune, but, of course, he is unsuccessful in his suit. His various misadventures in this relation are ludicrous enough to raise an occasional laugh. The dialogue is weak and the jokes old, but the singing and dancing are attractive enough. Mr. J. J. Dallas, as the financier's clerk, made the best of a very thankless part. As the heroine, Dora Grey, Miss Mary Duggan played with her usual grace and charm; and Mr. Frank Manning achieved a success in the bibulous low-comedy part of Toby Grubb the gardener.

On Thursday afternoon a new play called "His Rescued Honour" was given at the Avenue. It was rich in unconscious humour. Mr. Arthur Fry is a believer in phrases that have been well tested, and the second act contained a really fine collection of stereotyped speeches. By some mistake, however, the rustic lover had been given the dialogue that must have been written for a poet: he could not open his mouth without uttering a

phrase that belied his denial of culture—of culture based on the *Family Herald*. The early parts of the play, with some curious, hypnotic business, showed some dramatic feeling, accompanied, alas! by great verbosity.

In order to give character to the new *ballet divertissement*, there is a vagueness of form about "Donnybrook" that one may deem characteristic. Certainly the merry muddle has a plot, but what it is even my experience fails to tell me, and I left the Alhambra in a state of pleasant bewilderment. There was a touch of "Shamus O'Brien" in the affair, and much rushing of a defiant Irish lad and fighting of soldiers, police, and peasants, and it ended in the victory of one party, but I do not know which. However, the Irish tunes are delightfully woven together, everything is prodigiously gay, and the house was delighted. The effect of the costumes was charming. Mr. Fred Storey, as a comic police sergeant, did some wonderful disjointed dances, in which he very cleverly kept to the rhythm. Miss Julia Seale was very lively as the hero of the piece, and danced her jigs most deftly. The only fault I can find with the pleasant little affair is that there was hardly enough of it.



MISS MABEL BEARDSLEY, NOW APPEARING AS MRS. MAYDEW, AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.

Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen is enjoying good weather at Balmoral, where the air is so much more bracing at this time of the year than in the South. Her Majesty has hired rooms at Cimiez for March and April.

The Prince of Wales presided at the Annual Dinner of the 10th Hussars on Thursday and of the 2nd Life Guards on Friday evenings.

The disaster at the Russian Coronation festivities is, surely, the greatest tragedy that the world has ever seen where a pleasure-party was the scene of the doleful event, and it is all the more extraordinary when you see the mug for which the crowd struggled. I call it the Cup of Sorrow. I can remember two parties of pleasure ending miserably in death, which, though they did not furnish a list of victims anything approaching in numbers those of the Moscow disaster, were yet proportionately far greater. In September 1878, eight hundred souls embarked on board the saloon steamer *Princess Alice*, and of these nearly seven-eighths perished when the unfortunate vessel was run down in the darkness at Woolwich. In June 1883—and this event in its character is nearer to the Russian tragedy—some eleven hundred children were collected in the gallery of Victoria Hall, Sunderland, to witness a conjuring performance. At its conclusion prizes were to be given away. The children in the gallery, eager to share in the distribution, rushed helter-skelter down the winding stairs, a doorway was half shut which should have been wide open, a stoppage occurred, the tide of hapless little ones rolled on, and of all these pleasure-seekers nearly a sixth found only death.

The Sketch was the true Derby prophet, for did it not present Persimmon as a coloured supplement last week? The victory of his Royal Highness's horse has most undoubtedly been a popular one with all classes, the horse winning (by Benson's chronograph) in 2 min. 42 sec., as against the 2 min. 43 2-5 sec. of last year.

Very appropriately the French Derby is dealt with in the current number of a new Paris magazine. The French Derby is a comparatively new institution, but undoubtedly has done much to make horseracing popular abroad. The first Grand Prix was run on May 31, 1863, and, in spite of the efforts of the Duc de Morny, who had organised the race, four English horses were entered, and The Ranger won by a head, greatly to the disappointment of French sportsmen. Two years later, a French horse, the Famous Gladiator, won successively three great English events, including the Derby, and for some days his owner, the Comte de Lagrange, was the most popular man in Paris. Among the most notable French owners of to-day is M. Edmond Blanc, of Monte Carlo fame. His Nubienne carried off the Grand Prix in 1879, when her owner was little more than a boy. Most famous English jockeys have ridden to victory at Longchamps, from Harry Grimshaw to Tom Lane, who guided five winners of the Grand Prix. "The sport of Kings" has never been really popular in the Northern States of America, although Morris Park (Westchester County, N.Y.) is said

to be the finest course in the world. In Virginia and Carolina—indeed, all over the South—racing is the popular form of sport *par excellence*, and to this fact was ascribed, in a great measure, the excellence of the cavalry opposed to the Northern troops during the Civil War. But it may be doubted if New England will ever take kindly to serious racing, the more so that, thanks to the paternal efforts of the New York Legislature, "the only gambling that will be permitted will be so hedged about by safeguards that the danger to society will be reduced to a minimum."

"Mr. Jersey," who, you know, is really Mrs. Langtry, was a conspicuous figure at the Manchester Races, where her two-year-

old, *Dancing Wave*, was steered to victory by Tommy Loates for the City Plate of three hundred sovereigns. The famous beauty seems to have been as fortunate on the turf as on the boards and in the Wild West. Her notable business ability has stood her in good stead where her

racehorses were concerned, and in more than one way. She was well advised when she chose as her trainer Fred Webb, at that time famed rather as a jockey. It may be remembered that he rode Doncaster in the Derby of 1873. Mrs. Langtry is probably descended from a long line of hunting parsons. She knows a good horse when she meets one, and does not mind giving a very long price, as in the case of Carrick, bought by "Mr. Jersey" for 1520 guineas. Though taking the keenest interest in the success of her own horses, Mrs. Langtry can bear a reverse right gallantly; and when her colours, turquoise and fawn, pass first by the winning-post, she shows no undue exaltation. It is said among her intimates that the Jersey Lily cherishes the ambition of one day winning the Derby; stranger things have happened, and, if shrewdness and luck combine, Mrs. Langtry may live to find herself entitled to wear, *en jarretière*, the Blue Riband of the English Turf.

Mr. William Le Queux has resigned his appointment on the editorial staff of the *Globe* in order to devote himself entirely to fiction. He has left London and gone to reside at Warnham, a quaint, old-world Sussex village.

A monument of polished red granite from Peterhead has been placed over the grave of Sir Henry Ponsonby in Whippingham Churchyard. The Queen has erected memorials to Sir Henry Ponsonby and Sir John Cowell in the private chapel at Windsor Castle.



THE CUP OF SORROW.

gallery of Victoria Hall, Sunderland, to witness a conjuring performance. At its conclusion prizes were to be given away. The children in the gallery, eager to share in the distribution, rushed helter-skelter down the winding stairs, a doorway was half shut which should have been wide open, a stoppage occurred, the tide of hapless little ones rolled on, and of all these pleasure-seekers nearly a sixth found only death.

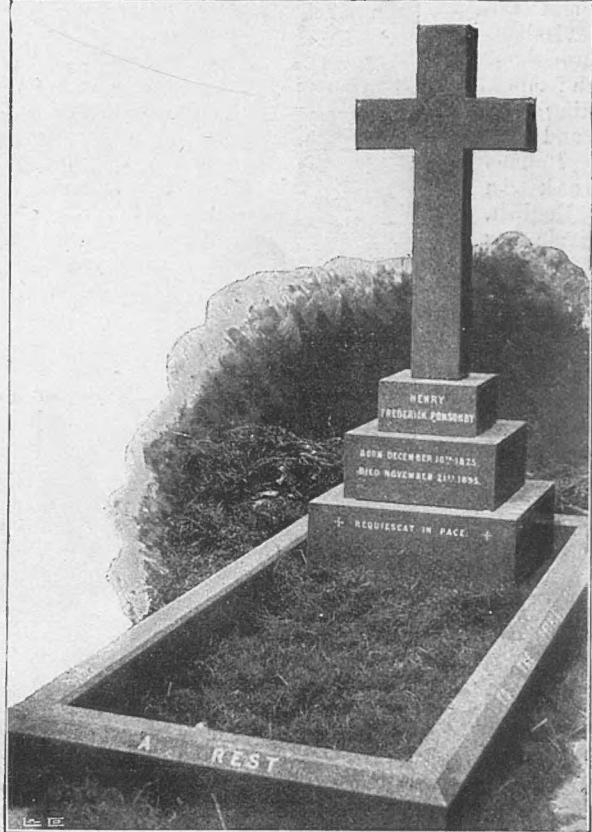
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MRS. LANGTRY.

Photo by Banks, Manchester.



IN MEMORY OF SIR HENRY PONSONBY.

The "Fourth" was celebrated with especial pomp at Eton on Thursday, for, in addition to the usual smart crowd of mothers, sisters, cousins, and aunts, to say nothing of innumerable "old boys," attired more soberly in frock-coats and chimney-pot hats, the Duke and Duchess of York spent the day at the historic school, and were present at the "speeches," which opened with a graceful poem of welcome, written and delivered by Mr. K. S. Waterlow, a pleasant-looking boy who recited his verses in excellent style. Her Royal Highness, who often accompanied the Duchess of Teck to Eton in the days when her brother was a pink-cheeked school-boy, seemed to enjoy every item of the long programme. Her blue-and-white costume and forget-me-not bonnet, evidently donned in compliment to her young hosts, looked very girlish and pretty, and was more suitable to the occasion than the elaborate "confections" worn by many of the guests. During the afternoon the band of the First Life Guards and a cricket match proved great attractions in the Playing Fields, and, after "Absence"—most quaint and picturesque of roll-calls—had taken place in the School Yard, the river became the centre of attention, and the procession of boats was witnessed by thousands of spectators from both banks.

For the Royal Counties Agricultural Show at Eastbourne, which closes on Friday, the Brighton Railway Company have arranged to issue cheap return tickets on each day of the show by one of the morning trains from London.

Miss Lucy Clarke, an admirable contralto singer, whose vocal gifts have heretofore been lavished chiefly upon music-hall audiences, has joined the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and I hear good accounts of her performance of the title-part in "Carmen" up at Newcastle. I wish Miss Clarke success in her new field of work.

Mr. Melton Prior, the special artist of the *Illustrated London News* at Bulawayo, has been recounting his experiences there with pen and pencil, and figures in the accompanying group of the Headquarter Staff. On the road to Bulawayo he stopped at Palapye, the town of Khama, who

paid Mr. Prior—at that time confined to bed by rheumatism—a visit of sympathy. Khama seems to have stuck to the English clothes and “Waukenphast” boots that he adopted during his trip to this country. Mr. Prior is of opinion that rinderpest will prove far more disastrous to the future prosperity of the country than even the rising of the Matabele, for it will be years before the lost cattle can be replaced, and these monopolise in many cases the capital of the people.

Apropos of the statement that Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co. are to become a limited liability concern, it may be remembered that this prosperous brewery was founded in the last century by Messrs. Child and Halsey, was sold to Mr. Henry Thrale (whose widow, Dr. Johnson's friend, became Mrs. Piozzi), and after that gentleman's death was resold by the executors, of whom the great lexicographer was one, to Mr. David Barclay, head of the Lombard Street firm of bankers, for £135,000. Of this transaction, Mrs. Piozzi writes rather quaintly: “On Mr. Thrale's death I kept the counting-house nine o'clock every morning till five o'clock every evening till June, when God Almighty sent a knot of rich Quakers, who bought the

whole, and saved me and my daughters from brewing ourselves into another bankruptcy.” Mrs. Piozzi seems to have had more faith in a personal deity than in the lucrative nature of a brewery. What would she have said to the millions of 1896? These are, by the way, a sort of fulfilment of Dr. Johnson's prophecy, who bustled about at the sale declaring that they “were not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.” Mr. David Barclay put his nephew Robert, and Perkins, Thrale's manager, into the business, which at that time “paid some twenty thousand pounds a-year to the revenue, and had four vats, each of which held 1600 barrels—above a thousand hogsheads.” This brewery was destroyed by fire in 1822. The present brewery buildings extend over thirteen acres; the store-cellars contain 150 vats, which hold from 500 barrels to 3500; some two hundred horses are employed in conveying beer to different parts of London; while the sum now paid to the revenue exceeds £180,000.

Barclay's Brewery, by the way, was the scene of that historic riot of draymen, who, on the visit of General Haynau, pursued that warrior, who had the reputation of being a woman-flogger, and would, doubtless, have lynched him had he not made a hasty and secret escape from the brewery. There was a tremendous fuss about this at the time (Sept. 1850), and the head of the firm explained and apologised to the Government.

Last Saturday week I had a strange experience. At the invitation

of the directors of the Electrophone I attended Pelican House, now in possession of the National Telephone Company, Mr. Joe Pfahl and others. I went into a very comfortable room, and found thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen, all looking as though the muzzling order had been extended to them and was doing them good. They had some contrivance fitted over each ear, with a handle on the level of their chests and a cord leading to a case in the wall. For a moment I fancied that I had stumbled on an extension to the famous Home for Lost Dogs at Battersea, and that some members of the S.P.C.A. were trying new muzzles. However, the manager told me not to be afraid, so I sank down in my chair, and he fixed me up. Then Miss Letty Lind's voice came from Daly's Theatre and sang me a little song, after which Arthur Roberts obliged from the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and some dance at the Savoy followed. Then I understood why everybody looked so pleased. This sort of lazy enjoyment, by which I could be present at several theatres at once, or nearly so, is admirably adapted to my complaint, and when the manager wanted me to move over to a big table, with innumerable connections from a machine in the middle, I indignantly refused. He then told me that if I would only cross the room I could hear Madame Melba singing in the Paris Opera House. I went.

I put the tubes to my ears and listened. First came a long, rumbling sound, evidently, I thought, an ocean *motif*, suggestive of a premium on stewards between Dover and Calais. I have been there myself. Then came a tick, a suggestion of opening doors, some stray sounds that soon ranged themselves into melody, and a lovely soprano voice that seemed to fill the tube. It was the voice of Madame Melba singing the “Air de la folie,” from the opera of Hamlet, by Ambroise Thomas, and I, sitting at ease in a room once sacred to good Pelicans in Gerrard Street, Soho, listened as much at my ease as I have ever been in the beautiful Opera House itself. There was something weird in such a marvel of science, and yet I suppose that in a few years nobody will wonder. If the Electrophone, Limited, has any shares to give away, and likes to send them to me, care of this office, I will go to the expense of acknowledging their receipt by post. This is a great sacrifice on my part, but I understand that the Company is prepared to fix up these muzzles and instruments in any man's house, and so bring the theatres to him when he is unable or unwilling to go to the theatres. Therefore I don't withdraw the offer.

With regard to that weird tale “Without Sin,” the peculiarities of which were touched on in this column last week, a friend of mine writes to me as follows: “Have you read a strange new book called ‘Without Sin’? If not, do so, and see if there is not something familiar to you in one of the characters, and in certain of the surroundings. A scene is laid in old —’s shop in Bond Street, and that peculiar and well-remembered figure who owned the premises appears as the grandfather of the luckless and strangely innocent or ignorant heroine.” Whether this resemblance is intended, or whether it is only one of the odd coincidences with which one constantly meets, I have no means of deciding, as I have not the pleasure of the author's acquaintance.

Capt. Macfarlane. Capt. Wrey. Capt. Bradley. Capt. Carden. Capt. Hirschler. Mr. Melton Prior.

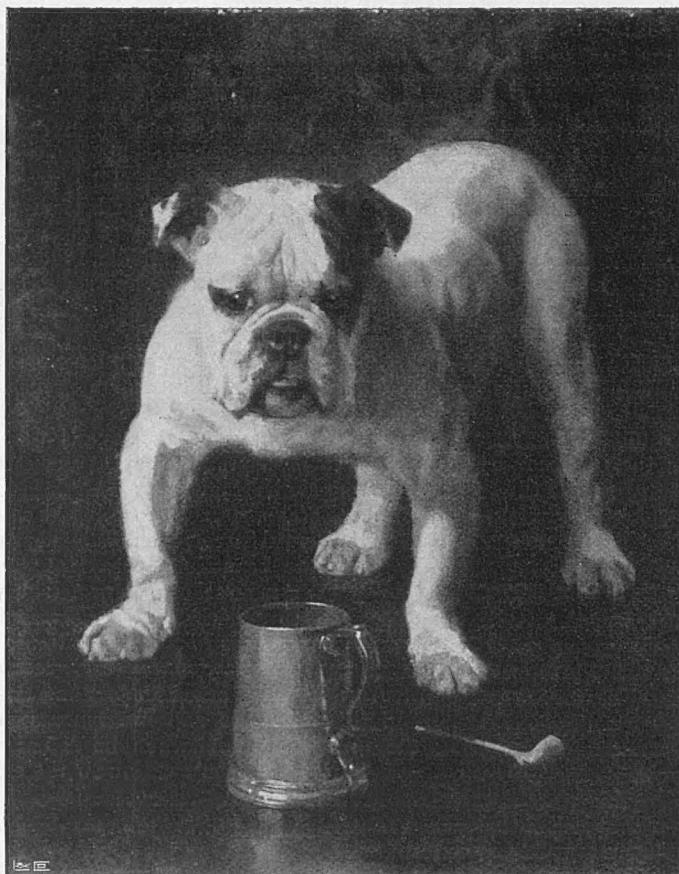


Capt. Sadler.

Col. Napier. Mr. Duncan (Acting Administrator). Capt. Nicholson.
Capt. Howard Brown. Major Scott.

THE HEADQUARTER STAFF AT BULAWAYO.

The twenty-third annual Bulldog Show opened at the Aquarium yesterday week was the largest that has ever been seen, there being 249 entries, arranged in 42 classes. The blue ribbon was awarded to Mr. J. S. Pybus Sellon's Champion Dimboola, who carried off the Bulldog Club's challenge cup, as he did last year. Champion Dimboola made his first appearance on the show-bench at the Bulldog Club



DIMBOOLA.

From a Painting by Miss Frances Fairman.

Show held in the Aquarium, Westminster, in May of 1894, and was one of its principal attractions. He was, on this occasion, entered in three classes, and won in each, no small triumph for a puppy only thirteen months old. Since then he has scored similar successes every time he has competed with but one exception, when he was defeated by Guido for the challenge cup, a trophy which he won at the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace (held on the three last days of October 1895), after a keen competition, from his kennel companion Donax. He has scored victories at various times over such well-known champions as Facey Romford, Monkey Brand, Guido, Cigarette, and others, and is certain to add many more to his long list of wins. Dimboola possesses all the most important points of the bulldog of to-day. He has a grand head, square in shape, with a fine, flat forehead; he has the desired large nose and broad under-jaw; his eyes are perfection, and he has fine wrinkles; his legs and body are worthy of his head. He has the most charming manners, and fully appreciates caresses and admiration when on the show-bench and in the ring, though naturally a very shy dog; at home he is affectionate, gentle, and playful. He is the offspring of Stockwell and Dextrine, and is a grandson of the old champion, Don Pedro, who, in February 1895, was buried with honours in the Dogs' Cemetery, Hyde Park. Champion Dimboola was bred by Mr. Pybus Sellon, as were those sensational prize-winners Dockleaf (now, alas! gone to an early grave) and Donax.

The second annual show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, to be held in the grounds of Holland House, Kensington (by permission of the Earl and Countess of Ilchester), to-morrow, promises to be a great success from every point of view. The Princess of Wales, who will herself be an exhibitor, has promised to visit the show on the second day, for the purpose of distributing the prizes. She has given a further evidence of her practical interest in the association by offering special prizes. The classification for the various breeds is on a most extensive scale, more than three thousand pounds being given in prizes.

The Princess of Wales and the Duchess of York will be represented at the annual exhibition of the Home Arts and Industries Association, to be held at the Royal Albert Hall to-morrow.

Mr. Edward Treacher Collins, whose book, "In the Kingdom of the Shah"—an account of a journey to Ispahan to treat the eyes of the just assassinated monarch's eldest son, Prince Zille Sultan—has been issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin, is younger brother of the energetic Deputy-Chairman of the London County Council, Dr. William Job Collins. Both brothers, like their father the late Dr. Collins before them, have adopted the

medical profession, and both have occupied themselves to a considerable extent with ophthalmic subjects. Mr. E. T. Collins, for instance, who studied at the Middlesex Hospital, has held posts at the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, and has been member of the Council of the Ophthalmic Society, while his more distinguished brother, one of the most brilliant of all the men that have ever proceeded from "Bart's," has done ophthalmic work at various hospitals. Dr. W. J. Collins is well known as an active member of the London Progressive Party; he served on the Royal Commission on Vaccination, and his writings include a thoughtful monograph on Spinoza.

The Midland Railway Company have issued a handy little guide to their system, which is neatly illustrated with the points of interest on their picturesque route.

The Baroness de Roques sends me a copy of the letter received by her from the Home Office, relative to the infamous libel which has been revived as to her daughter, Mrs. Maybrick, having had a child in prison. It came out in the *Figaro*, which explained that the report had been current for some time. The editor printed it, wishing to get a public explanation. Baroness de Roques wrote and protested; and "I have since," she says, "sent to several journals the text of the Home Office reply to the protest which I sent there at the evident licence accorded certain journals in libelling and persecuting Mrs. Maybrick. I have seen a travesty of my protest in the *Man of the World*, very unfair and untrue." The text of the letter is as follows—

Whitehall, May 23, 1896.

MADAME.—In reply to your letter of the 20th inst., I am directed by the Secretary of State to acquaint you that there is not the slightest foundation for the statement mentioned in your letter.—I am, Madame, your obedient servant,

CHARLES S. MURDOCH.

To the Baroness de Roques, 1, Rue Tannery, Rouen, France.

Poor Jane Cakebread may have found Lady Henry Somerset's Farm Home the Wrong Paradise, yet Paradise it must undoubtedly appear to many of its inmates, for the reclamation of habitual inebriates is there carried on in the kindest and most intelligent manner. Duxhurst is situated within a short drive of Lady Henry Somerset's charming cottage at Reigate. The Farm Home consists of six cottages, each containing accommodation for six patients and a Church Army nurse. There is, in addition, a building containing general sitting-rooms, library, and so on, and yet another separate addition to the "Farm" consists of a laundry, a bakery, and several other work-rooms. Interesting and healthful outdoor employments are considered a very essential portion of the scheme. This department is in charge of Miss Jessie Smith, of Swanley College, and she is already making some curious experiments in growing and drying vegetables and fruit—a form of *la petite culture* which has been found to be extremely successful and profitable in France. Before participating in all these benefits, an inmate must sign an agreement stating that she will remain on the Farm for a whole year of her own free-will. A minimum sum of five shillings a-week has to be guaranteed towards the maintenance of every member of the Farm Home. Those belonging to a wealthier class, and therefore paying more, enjoy superior accommodation. But the institution, which was only formally opened some few days ago, has about it none of the features which render so repulsive and melancholy the ordinary Homes for Inebriates. One charming idea included in the scheme, and which will do much to brighten the lives of Lady Henry's temporary patients—for so they should surely be called—is that of a holiday home where the poorest of poor children selected from the slums can enjoy a good country rest and change during the spring and summer months.



LADY HENRY SOMERSET'S HOME FOR INEBRIATES.

Photo by Robinson and Son, Redhill.

"My Milliner's Bill" seems to have the perennial interest as a play that it has in the affairs of a prosaic world. It was recently given at Quetta, and I herewith reproduce a photograph of the lady who contracted the bill.

Some of my readers have quaint ideas of the editorial function and practice. Many times and oft do I receive *billet-doux* from merry maidens who want their portraits inserted in these pages, and fancy that there is a fee attaching to admission to my gallery. On the other hand, I have before me a letter from a damsel who informs me that she will be glad if I will give her three guineas in exchange for the privilege of publishing her portrait, "for," she says, "I am a young professional; and am desirous of getting on, and it would help me." I expect to see this young person's advertisement in the columns of the *Era* one day, headed by the motto, "'My face is my fortune, sir,' she said."

In fact, the letters which ladies insist upon showering on my head are weird, wild, and wistful. I get epistles on coloured paper of the most delicate and illusive tone, throbbing with all sorts of requests. A lady wrote me, the other day, that she regrets I cannot print her story, because "her friends and

acquaintances are in town, and it would have given them a certain amount of pleasure to have seen the story in *The Sketch*. Perhaps the editor would manage to get it in towards the end of the season," for a "woman of fashion" to whom she read it was charmed with it. Butterflies dance across her page, and pansies blossom amid her pathetic appeal for me to give her that publicity which the season and her sensitiveness demand. You would not believe the extraordinary range of questions put to me by what old Disraeli called the "she correspondent," but I can tell you they are legion. Let me answer my lady friends *en masse*, for it is sometimes difficult for me to answer each "she correspondent" separately, or, at least, in detail—

O, your ladyships and graces,
Who are eager that your faces
Should be mirrored in the pages of *The Sketch*;
And I know you love to caper
With a quill on tinted paper,
And you sometimes call an editor a wretch.
I am probably a debtor
In the matter of a letter,
But I've such a lot to carry and to fetch.
I'm aware you scribble stories,
And I'd give you all the glories
Of a Novel in a Nutshell, could I print
A dozen in each number,
If my staff would go and slumber,
But they stubbornly decline to take the hint.
So I'm forced to write "Rejected,"
Though it's quite to be expected
That you fancy that my heart is made of flint.
Over reams your pen can hurry
With a scorn for Lindley Murray,
While the punctuation often is forgot;
And you're shaky in your spelling,
Though the story that you're telling
May possess a very admirable plot;
But I haven't time to teach you
How success in life will reach you,
Or if Crockett is superior to Scott.
If I answered all your questions
And your numerous suggestions,
I would never have an hour to call my own.
I dismiss you with compunction,
But it scarcely is my function
To rule the world like Wilhelm from his throne.
It perhaps would be politer,
But I'm not a "Letter-Writer,
With a chapter upon Etiquette and Tone."



MRS. CUBITT IN "MY MILLINER'S BILL."

Photo by Bremner, Quetta.

To crown all, I have been favoured by an enthusiastic inventor with a Bib. This delectable article of infantile costume is designed to protect the baby from the superfluous moisture which is apt to penetrate his clothes when he is making play with the spoon. This, I hope, is a passably correct definition of the functions of a Bib. The beauty of the invention is that the mackintosh or indiarubber inside can be taken out, and the covering washed when it is necessary for the baby to change this garment. I cheerfully make this statement at the request of the lady who has sent the Bib. I have even put it on at dinner (to the surprise of my club), and wondered whether it is lonely without the Tucker. Is it quite proper for Bibs to be seen without Tuckers? Does any reader of *The Sketch* possess a Tucker without a Bib? Is there any Bibless baby whose parents would regard me with undying gratitude if I were to save its chest from errant bread-and-milk? Or, should I do a greater service by presenting the Bib to one of the epicures who cannot dine without tucking serviettes into their collars? These are a few of the questions which perplex the throbbing brain which craves for practical philanthropy.

Apropos of the pictures illustrating "The Celestial Garland; or, The Story of St. Dorothea," performed at Ponsonby, a suburb of Auckland, New Zealand, Mr. R. F. Jupp writes me that he wrote the piece. It has been performed about seventy times since its first representation in a small mission-room in the parish of St. Paul, West Hartlepool, about five years ago, in England, the States, and Australia.

Mr. John Wainwright, whose company, unfortunately, lost all their effects in the recent lamentable fire at the Victoria Theatre, Newport (Mon.), has for years been known throughout the provinces for his performance of Tom Robinson, the often light-hearted convict, in Charles Reade's "It's Never Too Late to Mend." Latterly Mr. Wainwright and his supporters have been seen at several of the outlying London playhouses.

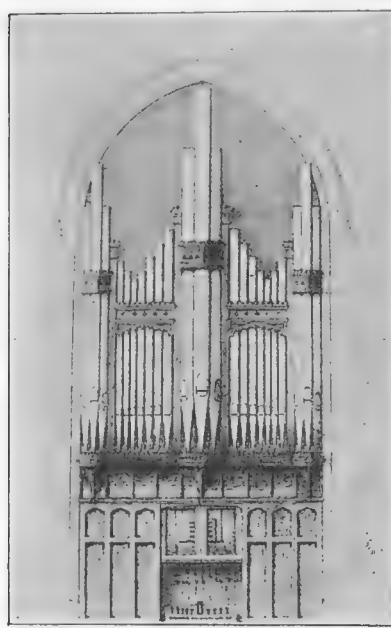
The Burmese at the Crystal Palace, pictured in this issue in their native costume, are quaint enough; but I think a much quainter sight is that of the Burmese bicycle belle in the costume of her Hyde Park or Battersea sisters. I do not know whether her name is Sapi-yau-lat, but I fancy that, when Mr. Rudyard Kipling's Tommy sees this picture, he will long more intensely than ever to be shipped "Somewheres east of Suez," as he thinks of the transformation of that "Burma girl." For, he would tell you—

I 'ear she's took to knickers and a saucy little 'at—
Well, after smokin' white cheroots 'tain't 'ard to dress like that,
I sometimes dream, but only wake to find it isn't true,
That she and I are ridin' on a cycle built for two
On the roads round Mandalay:
And we bike the livelong day;
I can see the pedals whirling from
Rangoon to Mandalay.
On the roads round Mandalay
With the donah I would stray;
I'd give every 'bus in London for a
Cycle of Cathay.



A BURMESE BICYCLIST.

It has long been a matter of regret to visitors to Yorkshire that Haworth Church, where the Brontës worshipped, has disappeared, and that the parsonage-house, where they lived and worked, is well-nigh inaccessible to visitors. There is now, however, a very entertaining museum, which, I may add, received ten thousand visitors last year, a sufficient indication of the permanent interest which is taken in this singularly remarkable family.



THE BRONTË MEMORIAL ORGAN IN
THORNTON PARISH CHURCH.

that have been delivered in different parts of the country by Mr. William Albert Mount. Mr. Mount was for many years a naval storekeeper at Malta, Gibraltar, the Bermudas, and so on; and during his sojourn at the just-mentioned and "still-vexed" islands he had the privilege of entertaining the Duke of York when the latter was yet known as Prince George. Mr. Mount is now about sixty, and, from what I hear, is well qualified to treat his subject adequately.

Lord Alfred Douglas writes to me from Paris expressing a regret that two rhymes by him, one called "The Tiger" and the other "The Starling," which were quoted to me from memory by a friend, and reproduced in *The Sketch*, contained several inaccuracies. Lord Alfred Douglas will shortly publish an illustrated volume of these rhymes. Meanwhile, he is good enough to send me the following as further specimens of his very clever work in this direction—

THE RABBIT.

The Rabbit has an evil mind
Although he looks so good and kind;
His life is a complete disgrace
Although he has so soft a face.
I hardly like to let you know
How far his wickedness will go;
Enough if this poor rhyme declares
His fearful cruelty to hares.
He does his very best to keep
These gentle animals from sleep,
By joining in with noisy throngs
Of rabbits singing ribald songs.
To wake their fears and make them bound
He simulates the basset-hound;
And if he meets them after dark
He imitates the greyhound's bark.

THE ANTELOPE.

If you go out alone, I hope
You will not meet the Antelope;
No other beast is half so vicious,
So false, so cruel, so malicious.
It would be wrong for me to write
The sort of things he does by night;
Nor dare I in plain language say
The sort of things he does by day.
His acts recall, they are so serious,
Those of the Emperor Tiberius.
In every place, in every clime,
He follows his career of crime,
From morn to morn, from noon to noon,
So you are sure to meet one soon;
This being so, I leave to you
To find out what it is they do.

THE EAGLE.

The Eagle is a fearful bird,
He takes your eye without a word;
And when you're lying in your bed
He whets his talons on your head;
And if you scream or move or start
He drives his beak into your heart.
To cause pain is his only care,
How different from the Belgian hare!

I am interested to hear about the performance of the late Arthur Goring Thomas's opera "Esmeralda," which the students of the Guildhall School of Music give at Drury Lane, with Mr. Neill O'Donovan as conductor, on June 18. A bright and clever work, "Esmeralda," which was produced by the Carl Rosa Company at Drury Lane on Easter Monday 1883, has held the boards better than other original operas brought out by the same organisation in that decade, the list including the same lamented composer's Russian opera "Nadeshda," Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Thorgrim," and Mr. F. Corder's "Nordisa." With the Carl Rosa Company Madame Georgina Burns and her husband Mr. Leslie Crotty appeared as Esmeralda and Quasimodo, Mr. Barton McGuckin being Phœbus, Mr. Ludwig Claude Frollo, the cast also including Mr. Ben Davies and his wife, Miss Clara Perry, and Mr. Snazelle.

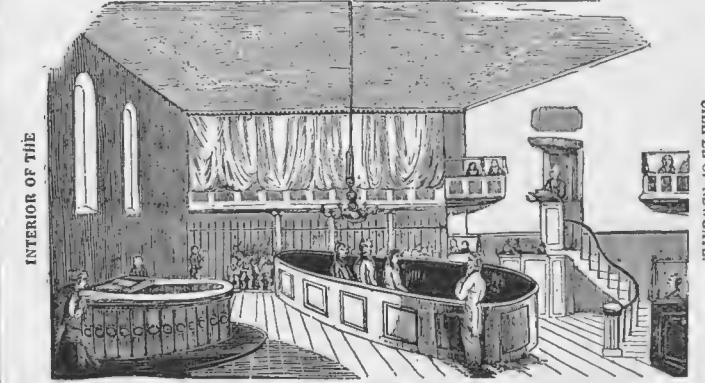
The series of executions that took place at Newgate yesterday recalls the story which attaches to the beginnings of illustrated journalism. In 1837 the country was startled by the ghastly crimes of Thomas Greenacre of Camberwell. Such events were usually made the occasion of a broadsheet, decorated with the rudest possible wood-cuts and the crudest letterpress, issued on the day of execution. For example, when Greenacre paid the penalty of the law, several enterprising people treated his case, but the *Weekly Chronicle*, which was the leading paper of the day, hit upon the idea of printing illustrations in its pages. It was this that suggested to Mr. Herbert Ingram the idea of the *Illustrated London News*.

There could hardly be a lower deep, indeed, than the old broadsheet. I have before me, for example, an account of the murder of Mr. James De la Rue at Hampstead by Thomas Hocker. It is decorated with a ghastly picture of Mr. Hocker on the scaffold, and the discovery of the body of his victim. As was often the case, the execution was utilised to give some advice to the young in verse. The laureate of Hocker begins thus—

Hark! the solemn bell is tolling;
Oh! what means that awful knell?
On Thomas Hocker it is calling,
Saying, Bid this world farewell!
Where you are doomed to stay no longer.
Oh, alas! what shall I do,
Since my life I must surrender
For murdering of James De la Rue?

LIFE, TRIAL, AND EXECUTION OF JAMES GREENACRE,

With a Copy of a Letter addressed to Mrs. Greenacre in America.



This man after a lengthened Trial, which lasted two days, viz. the 10th and 11 days of April, the particulars of which we gave in former publications, was found guilty of the Wilful Murder of Hannah Brown, to whom, as was supposed, he was to have been

trusted. At quarter to 8 o'clock, the hangman appeared on the gallows, and prepared the rope, noose, &c., and at 8 o'clock, the Prisoner, attended by the Sheriff, and Chaplin, came forward in solemn procession, and was then shortly launched into eternity.

REBUTAL.
This morning, at a very early hour, the houses facing, and all the avenues leading to the goal, were crowded with persons anxiously awaiting the fatal time which would assuredly terminate the wretched wretch's existence. At quarter to 8 o'clock, the hangman appeared on the gallows, and prepared the rope, noose, &c., and at 8 o'clock, the Prisoner, attended by the Sheriff, and Chaplin, came forward in solemn procession, and was then shortly launched into eternity.

COPY OF VERDICT.
All you who walk in follis path,
Attention give to me,
And listen to the tale I tell
Of my sad destiny.

It is a short, sombre month,
What nature looks so gray,
I'm doom'd to die a wretched death
On the second day of May.

Hard is my fate, for all will point
With contempt and scorn,
Not one will have a sigh for me
Upon the fatal morn.

Must I die a wretched death,
O, that I might not think,
To own a crime so very black,
I never can be brought.

Thus spoke this wretched man, my friends,
When he his sentence heard;

He fears not God, he loves not truth,
In all he acts absurd.

Then let us pray to God we all
A deed done in error may thus,
And leave within a wretched path.

"Tid our race is run,
May all who ever acted wrong,
Hence change their wretched plan,
Greenacre's case a warning prove

To woman, child, and man,
All praise your God, and raise your voice,
To show his holiness,
Trust but in him, you need not fear
You'll find your days in safety.

Among the new violinists who have lately made their débüt few are so likely to win ultimate fame and success as Miss Sarah Fennings, who was heard with great appreciation recently in Queen's Hall. She comes of a musical family, and has all her life been preparing for the profession she has now adopted. At the Kensington School of Music she was a promising pupil when only ten years old; then she had the advantage of tuition from Mr. Hollander, acquiring an ease of method which, added to her natural talent, quickly made her a fine player. When judging, in company with M. Johannes Wolff, a competition in piano-playing at



MISS FENNINGS.

Photo by Frank Dickins, Sloane Street, S.W.

Kensington Town Hall, Miss Fennings met Herr Wilhelmj. The famous player, who is so seldom heard in England nowadays, became her teacher, and bestowed on his pupil all the care and interest which her genius deserved. It is not surprising that she specially excels in rendering her master's delightful compositions. At her first concert Miss Fennings played very finely Max Bruch's difficult Concerto in G minor, and she joined the talented Mr. Henry R. Bird in a good rendering of Grieg's Sonata in F. There is every reason to foreshadow a prosperous future for Miss Fennings, and a steady advance in the ranks of popular violinists.

The date of the promised revival of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" is fixed for Thursday evening, July 2, when the performance will be given before members of the Elizabethan Society and their friends at St. George's Hall. The revival should prove especially interesting, as this tragedy embodies supernatural characters belonging to the earlier morality plays, which have never been seen on the modern stage.

Do you know, I wonder how spiteful some ladies of the chorus can be! At one of the comic opera shows I recently found myself, first, among the audience and, finally, among the performers. There was a girl dancing whom I had not seen before; she struck my fancy, and I considered her to be graceful, dainty, shapely, and fair to see. All these considerations I propounded to a fair chorus-lady to whom I happened to be talking, never doubting for a moment but that she would be as pleased as I was. The dance terminated, the lady refused the demands for an encore, and retired to within a few yards of where we were standing. "What's her name?" I whispered quite innocently. "Oh, I really forget," said the lady I addressed, raising her voice, in which was a tone of impatience. "I call her Trilby." I glanced hurriedly at the dancer. Yes, they were very large, but had it not been for the cruel remark I should not have noticed the fact. Why are girls so pitiless?

With reference to the new version of "The Duke's Motto," which Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy is to prepare for Mr. George Alexander, it was John Brougham's adaptation of Paul Féval's "Le Bossu" (a Porte St. Martin drama) that Charles Fechter produced at the Lyceum, Jan. 10, 1863, on the opening of his management of that theatre.

Fechter made a tremendous success as Henri de Lagardère, not merely as the dashing young cavalry officer, but also as the hunchback who continually acts as "god from the machine," saving the lives of most of the virtuous people by appearing at critical moments with the famous phrase, "I am here." Miss Kate Terry played Blanche de Nevers, the heroine, in "The Duke's Motto," and other important places in the original cast were filled by George Vining and Miss Carlotta Leclercq. Some years ago this celebrated romantic drama was toured by that fine old actor Mr. Henry Loraine, who is now appearing at the St. James's as Marshal Strakenez in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Did his reminiscences of Lagardère, perhaps, inspire Mr. Alexander with the thought of playing that part, or is it only "the long arm of coincidence" again?

Despite counter-attractions in the shape of the Coaching Club Meet and the Military Tournament, there was a large audience to hear Mr. Clifford Harrison's recital in Steinway Hall. The programme did not make heavy demands on the listeners, although it was a good example of the variety of Mr. Harrison's style. Rossetti's poem "The White Ship" was finely given, followed by Longfellow's "Sandalphon," set to exquisite music. Jerome's amusing dialogue "A Charming Woman" showed how cleverly Mr. Harrison can reflect the society manner, and Walt Whitman's mystical "Passage to India" proved how he can elucidate the deep things of such a thinker. There were half-a-dozen other interesting items. One little complaint. Why should each programme have misprints—e.g., G. D. Rossetti; M. Bentham Edwards, &c.? Mr. Harrison is so careful in other matters that these trifles might well engage his attention. His recitals are more enjoyable than ever.

Longfellow's poem "The Courtship of Miles Standish" serves as basis for the libretto of a new American opera, as distinctively national in subject as "The Scarlet Letter." "John and Priscilla" is its moderately attractive title.

Epsom week in glorious weather. A forecast, it is to be hoped, of similar good things at Ascot. Among many of the neighbouring smart house-parties, that of Mrs. William Bonsor was a particularly enjoyable



MRS. BONSOR.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

gathering. Given, indeed, genial weather, good sport, and a hostess with whom entertaining is a fine art, the heart of man has surely nothing left to ask of either Goodwood or Ascot. Mrs. Bonsor is a sportswoman to the hilt, and, besides, includes practical politics in her "serious pastimes," as Grand Councillors of the Primrose League are sufficiently aware, in this conjointly serving the cause with another distinguished member of her husband's family, Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, M.P. Mrs. Bonsor's pretty drawing-room in Curzon Street has thus become a notable centre of social light and leading in both politics and pedigrees.

"MAGDA," AT THE LYCEUM.

As I sat gazing at the one scene—of which I grew not a little tired, for it is possible to have too much of a faithful representation of a hideous room—one of the pictures gave me an idea. It was the portrait of the present German Emperor. I began to wonder whether "Heimat," like "Caligula," or the play at the Haymarket in which Mr. Beerbohm Tree appeared in his underclothing, is not intended as a political work. The idea may not be new or mine. However, I have heard the piece in four languages, and read much about it in two, without finding that anyone has drawn the parallel. In old Schwartze one seems to see a picture of the young despot who has enslaved speech, if not thought, in Germany, and has rendered civic life almost a farce. The irritating, arrogant, foolish old soldier—it is a pity that Mr. Fernandez quite failed to suggest by manner that Schwartze had ever been in the army—the worshipper of his own dignity, seems nicely drawn to hit the Emperor, and is treated as an old man to show how antiquated are the Imperial ideas. Magda is, perhaps, a somewhat disrespectful, somewhat Heinesque drawing of the Young Germany that is longing for freedom to live, speak, and think for itself. Yet even this idea is not likely to cause the average playgoer to take much interest in Sudermann's play.

Frankly, I may say that I can sympathise with those who do not care about this elaborate picture of a stuffy little German home, of a repulsive, monomaniac father, and half-hearted, *cabotine* daughter. "Magda" is, in workmanship, a problem-play; but it is a problem-play without a problem. It may be said that I find thrilling interest in Ibsen pictures of a narrow foreign society; yet between Ibsen and Sudermann there is a gulf. The older writer so highly individualises his people that even his bores are interesting and his cranks human. Now Schwartze is a crank, but neither individual nor human. His brutal arrogance is not in any way poetised. Some grandeur might have been given to him were he made a Jewish father, whose idea of parental authority was a feature of his religion—whose horror at his daughter's conduct is based on the feeling that disobedience to him is, through him, disobedience to God.

He is really an irritating old brute, and Mr. James Fernandez had not the skill, like the German actor of last year, to make one take interest in him because of the brilliance of his acting. However, people

do not go to see Schwartze, but Magda. Is Magda very interesting, very human? Bernhardt gave us a splendid picture of the emancipated creature, of the singer, the Bohemian; Duse of the warm-blooded woman on whose heart her twelve years' vagabonding had had little effect. Mrs. Patrick Campbell takes a different view of the part, and one that is not quite satisfactory. There is no need to smoke cigarettes clumsily, à la Duse, to show the *cabotinage* of the woman, but something more was needed than done in order to give the idea of the Bohemian, of the woman who had sold herself to get bread for her child.

No doubt an actress must play according to her temperament and power, and we all know that Mrs. Campbell's temperament in some parts has served her splendidly. In "Magda" she seemed out of her line. Some scenes were brilliant, but the piece, at times, demands a whirlwind of passion, and it did not come.

The meeting with Von Keller curiously showed the styles of the actresses. Bernhardt displayed emotion wakened by memory; Duse a warmth suggesting that even her scorn had never quite killed her old love; Mrs. Campbell simply cruel contempt. It cannot be said that the English actress has quite succeeded in her daring challenge, but in her failure she has shown very splendid gifts. Mr. Forbes-Robertson, though he acted veryably as the pastor, seemed to have less than his usual charm. The most perfect piece of work was done by Mr. Scott Buist, who gave a wonderfully true study of the contemptible fellow who has no knowledge of his own character. There was prodigious applause on Derby night, yet I cannot think that the public will find much pleasure in a gloomy, violent play which, though in many respects very clever, is by no means a masterpiece.

One curious fact was to be noted. The scene had been carefully arranged so as to give local colour; the dresses,



HERMANN SUDERMANN, AUTHOR OF "MAGDA."
Photo by Schaarwächter, Berlin.

no doubt, were correct. In other respects the piece seemed less German than when given by the French company. It was noticeable that three important members of a race typically fair were made up dark—Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Miss Sarah Brooke, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson. By-the-bye, Miss Brooke, a clever young actress, has fallen into the habit of imitating the voice and manner of Mrs. Campbell—at times there was a strange effect, as of an echo; this may pass where the actresses represent sisters, but Miss Brooke will never reach her due by imitating. Another point—surely no German pastor can yet boast of the up-to-date stand-up turn-down collar of Mr. Forbes-Robertson. But this is a trifle, after all.

A LOVER OF CATS.

The show organised by the Ladies' Kennel Association, which opens to-morrow in Holland Park, promises to be an exceedingly interesting occasion. Among the most devoted of the exhibitors is the Hon.

Mrs. McLaren Morrison, who is the happy possessor of some of the most perfect dogs and cats that have graced the bench. She lives at Kepwick Park, her stately home in Yorkshire—a lovely spot, commanding a delightful view of picturesque Westmorland on one side and on the other three surrounded and sheltered by hills and moors. Some of her pets, however, go with her to her flat in Queen Anne's Mansions, and even to her residence in Calcutta.

Of all her favourites perhaps the best-known is the King Charles Spaniel Champion Laureate, the winner of twenty-five first prizes, as well as of cups and specials galore. He is one of his owner's special pets, and about two years ago accompanied her to Calcutta, and spent the winter there, but, as the climate was detri-

mental to his health and beauty, he was sent back to England. Champion Queen of the Toys, Laureate's kennel companion, resides always at Kepwick Park. She is also a celebrated prize-winner, though for some time she has not been exhibited at any show. The two have long had the proud reputation of being the finest pair of King Charles Spaniels in the world. Another well-known little beauty was Precrosia (a daughter of Champion Laureate), now gone over to the great majority of dogs as well as men. Many other adorable pets are at Kepwick Park, though its mistress suffered heavy losses after the Brighton show of last October, which proved fatal to so many valuable dogs.

Mrs. McLaren Morrison is famed for her importations of foreign dogs, and she is continually bringing back with her specimens of rare and curious breeds from the East.

Her splendid Chou-Chous were the winners of many prizes at Ranelagh last June, as well as at numberless former shows, and her tiny Japanese Spaniels took various awards at the same place. Of these, Yum is a well-known show dog, having taken over twelve first and special prizes. He is just seven years old, and is one of the dogs brought to England by Mrs. McLaren Morrison.

One generally admired is the little beauty Sasaki, who has had the good fortune to accompany her mistress to Calcutta and to winter there with her. Delightfully self-satisfied and conscious of their own value and importance are these little Japs, the envy and admiration of every feminine dog-fancier.

It is at Kepwick Park that Mrs. McLaren Morrison has her celebrated "catteries," for cats share her affections with her well-beloved dogs, and she is as well known as an exhibitor of the one as of the other. Here there are magnificent blue, black and silver, and red Persians; snowy white, blue-eyed beauties; grandly marked English tabbies; handsome blue Russians, with their gleaming yellow-topaz eyes; some Chinese cats, with their long, wedge-shaped heads, bright golden eyes, and shiny, short-haired black fur; and a pair of Japanese pussies, pure white, and

absolutely without tails. One of the handsomest specimens of the feline race ever seen is the blue Persian, Champion Monarch, who, as a kitten, in 1893, won the gold medal at the Crystal Palace given for the best pair of kittens in the show, and in March of last year the Beresford Challenge Cup at Cruft's Show, for the best long-haired cat, besides taking many other honours. Among other well-known prize-winners are the Champions Snowball and Forget-me-not, both pure white, and having lovely turquoise-blue eyes. Of Champion Nizam (now, alas! dead), that well-known authority on cats, Mr. A. A. Clarke, said his was the grandest head of any cat he had ever seen. Nizam was a perfect specimen of that rare and delicate breed of cats, a pure Chinchilla.

The numberless kittens sporting all day long are worthy of the art of Madame Henriette Ronner, and one could linger for hours in these delightful and most comfortable catteries watching their gambols.

The gentle mistress of this fair and most interesting domain, the Hon. Mrs. McLaren Morrison herself, is one of the most attractive and fascinating women of the day—one who adds to great personal beauty all the charm of mental culture and much travel. She has made Kepwick Park a veritable House Beautiful with the rare curios and art treasures collected with her perfect taste in the many lands she has visited, and it is as interesting and enjoyable to a virtuoso as it is to an animal-lover. Mrs. McLaren Morrison is once more among her numerous English friends and with her beloved animals, though, unfortunately, she was not in time for the Pet-Dog Show held at the Aquarium in May.

L. S.



HON. MRS. MCLAREN MORRISON.

Photo by Mayall, Brighton.

CHAMPION LAUREATE.

Photo by Wright, Forest Gate.

CHAMPION NIZAM.

Photo by Lavender, Bromley.

CHAMPION MONARCH.

Photo by Clarke, Thirsk.

eyed beauties; grandly marked English tabbies; handsome blue Russians, with their gleaming yellow-topaz eyes; some Chinese cats, with their long, wedge-shaped heads, bright golden eyes, and shiny, short-haired black fur; and a pair of Japanese pussies, pure white, and

SONGS OF THE SUBURBS.

XI.—SILVERTOWN.

'Ee fetches me swipes aerorst the face;
When 'ee's boozed 'ee always licks me;
'Ee chases me orl around the place,
Then 'ee 'olds me down and kicks me.
'Ee stays out 'arf the night with 'is pals,
And 'ee comes 'ome still a-thirstin';
I've seen 'im with them there trollopin' gals,
And me 'art's been well 'near burstin'

But, "Bill," I sez, "I luvs yer, Bill,
I'll do orl what I can;"
And I try for 'im,
And I'd die for 'im,
For 'ee's my man."

'Ee sneers 'cos we 'aven't no brats and the rest,
And I tries to smile, 'arf-plucky,—
I've ached for a hinfant at my breast,
Gawd knows!—but per'aps it's lucky.
For I wouldn't like the kid to 'ear—
I wouldn't, it may be funny—
The things 'is mother 'as 'ad to bear
Jest to get Bill drinkin'-money.

But, "Bill," I sez, "I luvs yer, Bill,
I'll stand it if I can;
You may jeer at me,
You may sneer at me—
But you're my man."

The 'appiest time as I ever 'ad
Wos when he come out of Borstal
It saved 'im from goin' quite to the bad,
Though for five long years I florst all.
And when I met 'im outside the gate
'Ee blubbered jest like a kiddy—
"Ullo, Sal, old gal!" sez 'ee—that's straight!
"W'y ain't yer dressed like a widdy?"

Then, "Bill," I sez, "I luvs yer, Bill,
I've worked as 'ard as I can;
I've been strong for you,
And I long for you,
For you're my man."

GILBERT BURGESS.



A SERGEANT-MAJOR OF THE LOTHIAN AND BERWICKSHIRE YEOMANRY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY, STRAND.

THE HUNGARIAN MILLENNIAL FÊTES AND EXHIBITION.

The Hungarians are celebrating the thousand years of their existence as a State. Their cradle-land is to be sought in the Far East, near the Altai Mountains. One of the last waves of the migration of the nations carried them westward to the land now bearing their name, and there, having subjugated the aborigines, they founded a realm in 895-896 A.D. And now all Hungary is astir to celebrate this beginning of her national history.

The Exhibition which forms the centre, but by no means the whole, of the celebrations will remain open till the end of October, whereas other fêtes will be continued throughout the whole year. In memory of this occasion five hundred new schools are going to be opened, besides very many philanthropic and public institutions.

At this time of national rejoicing Hungary will not be unmindful of her great dead. At historical points on the frontiers monuments are being erected to serve as lasting memorials of Árpád, the founder and first ruler of the realm. His wise Oriental statesmanship enabled him to hold together the unruly, restless, and adventurous nomadic people. It

is worthy of note, as indicating that religious toleration is inherent in the nation, that, while still heathens themselves, they left their Christian prisoners undisturbed in faith and practice. A Swabian monk named Wolfgang was the first to try and convert the Hungarians, in 917. These fierce warriors made many inroads into neighbouring countries, but, on the other hand, situated on the eastern frontier of Europe, they formed a veritable bulwark against the barbarous East. In striking contrast to these bloody doings stands the fact that, next to England, Hungary is the oldest constitutional State, that not a century elapsed after the signing of Magna Charta before the Hungarians obtained their Golden Bull.

About a hundred congresses are planned to be held at Budapest during the summer, the International Journalistic Congress (from to-morrow until Friday) among the number. In the first half of the month of May State meetings were held by all the municipalities in the country, while during the second fortnight the different scientific, literary, artistic, and other institutions and societies had special sittings. Further, gala performances will be given at all the theatres and hippodromes; regattas, and all sorts of other sporting festivities and national games will also take place.

But the anniversary of King Francis Joseph I.'s coronation has been the climax of all the brilliant festivities of the Millennium, the new Houses of Parliament being the centre of the scene.

This most imposing building is finely situated close to the Danube, and facing the old Royal Castle at Buda. No existing Houses of Parliament can compare with it; it far surpasses those at Westminster. The Hungarians have such an intense love of liberty that they have erected this grand edifice at a cost of almost sixteen million florins, a sum well-nigh beyond the means of a comparatively small people. No one homogeneous style has been adhered to; in the lofty cupola a resemblance to the Byzantine is observable, but Italian-Gothic

inaugurated by the Millennial festal sittings already mentioned. Some eighty over life-sized figures of Hungarian kings and heroes serve to adorn the Houses of Commons, and, of magnates, the lobbies and halls. Everywhere there is colour. Many doubts were expressed as to the expediency of using polychromy so freely; but now it is apparent that, far from detracting from the necessary seriousness, it serves to brighten and vivify the whole.

July 5 is the date appointed for the unveiling of the monument to Árpád, who founded the Hungarian State and was its first king. The monument is situated in the Plain of Pustaszer, where he and the heads of the people made their first Constitutional agreement. The other historical monuments on the frontiers will be unveiled as follows: July 19, that at Munkacs; Aug. 2, at Pannonhalma; Aug. 16, at Brasso; Aug. 30, on Mount Zabor, near Nyitra; Sept. 20, at Zimony; and, finally, Oct. 18, at Dévény.

The foundation of the new St. Stephen's Monument at Budapest will be laid on Aug. 20; and three days later the new Law Courts fronting the Houses of Parliament will be opened. The triumphal arch which the Government is erecting in Andrassy Strasse is intended to be a pantheon of Hungary's greatness. Although another five or six years must pass before it is entirely finished, yet already,

during the Millennial festivities, some of the memorial figures of her great sons destined to fill the niches will be in their places. Nor must we omit specially to mention Sept. 29, for on that day the official world and the people of Croatia and Slavonia will inaugurate the frontier monument at Zimony with solemnity.

The Millennial commemorations will not be confined to the Exhibition and the fêtes in the capital. A highly important international event will accompany them, namely, the opening for public traffic of the new canal at the Iron Gate in the Danube near Orsova. At this solemn ceremony, which will take place on Sept. 27, his Majesty will be accompanied by the Emperor William of Germany and the Kings of Roumania and Servia. This most necessary removal of a hindrance to navigation was attempted so long ago as the first century of the Christian era by the Roman Emperor Trajan, traces of whose work are still visible. The Berlin Treaty of 1878 stipulates that Austria and Hungary shall carry out the work, but Hungary has taken it entirely upon herself, and will in return levy tolls for her own benefit. The plan pursued is that drawn up by the genial chief engineer, Herr Wallandt, who has made it a subject of lifelong study. The canal alone will cost five million florins, while the cost of the whole undertaking will amount to eighteen million florins. The difficulties to be overcome have proved so much greater than was anticipated that the contractors will lose three millions over it. Although the blasting was begun in 1890, yet the work will not be finished till next year or the year after.

The loss of life connected with it has been great, some two hundred men having been drowned or killed while blasting. The work is almost unparalleled in water-engineering, owing to the extreme swiftness of the current, and the hardness and quantity of rock to be removed. The new canal is 2 kilomètres long and 73 mètres broad, whereas the Suez Canal is only 27 mètres, and the Baltic Canal 32 mètres broad. This great width obviates the necessity of sidings. The whole canal has a fall of four mètres.

The following figures will serve to convey some idea of the gigantic nature of the work: 400,000 cubic mètres of solid rock had to be taken out for the canal itself, and nearly 100,000 cubic mètres from the bed of the river. The dam has required 250,000 cubic mètres of earth-work, 200,000 cubic mètres of stone-work, and 60,000 cubic mètres of walling. At times it seemed almost impossible to contend



THE NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDING.



FORESTRY PAVILION.

prevails. This mixture of styles, of course, it shares with most modern monumental buildings. The inside of the edifice is of fabulous magnificence, glittering with granite, marble, and gold. The grand staircase and the extensive lobbies are decorated with real magnificence. Though ten years have elapsed since the buildings were begun, the interior is not yet finished, despite which, however, they were



METEOROLOGICAL PAVILION.

with the great rapidity of the current. It necessitated the use of double cables 52 centimètres thick, and double anchors weighing 62 tons, to prevent the boat from being swept away.

But the Exhibition will be the centre of all the Millennial festivities. As a whole, it will be divided into two main portions—the Historical Exhibition and the Contemporary Exhibition. A distinguishing feature of the latter will be the substitution of a hundred and seventy pavilions for the customary immense annexes devoted to machinery, industries, &c. In the historical section it is sought to present to the world the

private collections, and picture galleries will contribute; the churches and the nobility will not withhold what they possess.

The Contemporary Exhibition is in no less than 170 different buildings, of some of which pictures are given, covering an area of 520 square metres, and comprising the whole cultural, political, and economic life of the Hungarians. The Ethnographic Village is a feature of particular interest. It contains faithful copies of all the different types of houses found in the country, and, besides, presents a picture of the home life of the people, their festivities, manners, and customs. An



THE OLD ROYAL CASTLE ON THE PALATINE ISLE.

material life of the Hungarians in all the stages and phases of their development, from the primitive conditions prevailing at the time of the migration of the nations to the splendour and luxury of the most flourishing periods. This will be the most interesting part. On entering by the main entrance, the visitor's eye will at once be caught by a group of imitations of historical buildings seeming to rise from the lake round the Palatine Isle. This enormous and varied collection of towers, battlements, cupolas, and gables unites all the finest styles of architecture to be found either in Hungary or the rest of Europe—Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance, down to Empire style.

The picture given above shows the main front of a royal castle begun by Árpád and continued by St. Stephen and by John Hunyadi, a hero celebrated throughout all Christendom. The Gothic part of the buildings is an exact imitation of Vajda-Hunyad Castle, which he built for his son, afterwards known as King Matthias Corvinus. The picturesque Romanesque building on the left will carry the spectator back in imagination to the time of the migration of the nations, the epoch when the House of Árpád ruled the land, when the conversion of the Hungarians to Christianity took place. There are further interesting groups of historical buildings in the Renaissance and Baroque styles.

But, interesting as these buildings may be, their contents are still more attractive, consisting of rare reliques and art treasures, many of



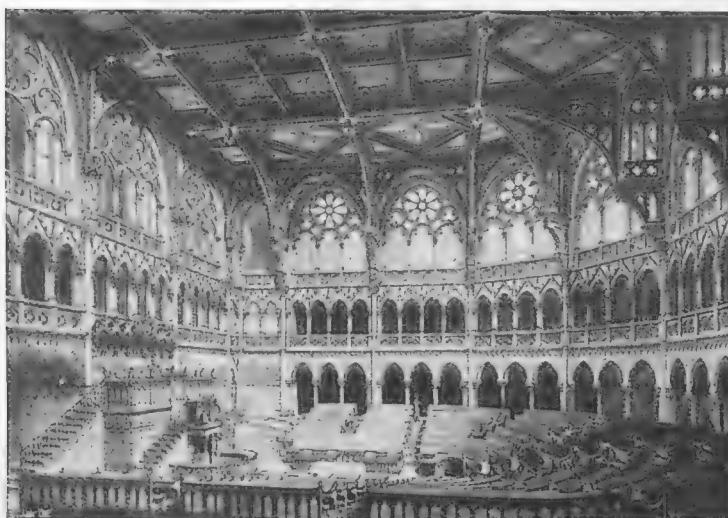
COMMERCE AND FINANCE PAVILION.

important section is devoted to agriculture, in connection with which will be shows of horses and cattle, for which Hungary is so celebrated. There is a pavilion devoted to commerce and finance. In quite a novel manner their whole historical development, from the most ancient time to the present, will be displayed. Forestry is of such importance in Hungary that it has a pavilion to itself, of which an illustration is given; and meteorology, in a special building, also depicted, will claim the visitor's attention.

T. H.

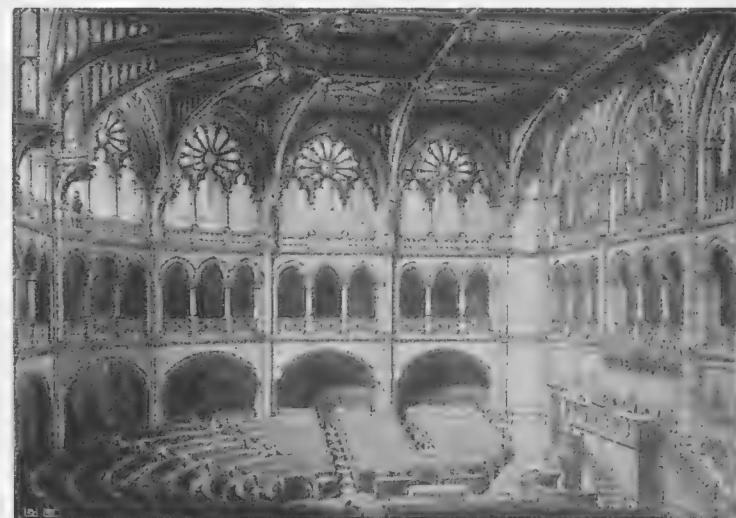
MR. JUSTICE LAWRENCE.

No doubt, the appointment to the Bench in 1890 of Sir John Compton Lawrence was a surprise to most of the profession, since his was not a name to threaten with in London. However, Sir John, familiarly called "Long Lawrence," on account of his great stature, was a very powerful advocate and politician in Lincolnshire, and those "in the ring" at Westminster knew that so staunch and useful a Conservative would not go unrewarded. At the time of his appointment he was fifty-seven years of age, had been a member of Lincoln's Inn about three decades, had worn silk thirteen years, and drugged in Parliament for ten years. Since his elevation Mr. Justice Lawrence has done much to justify his



THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

which are now exhibited for the first time, and these constitute the real historical exhibition. All the thousand years of Hungary's existence will be represented. Not only has his Majesty consented to open the treasure-house of his dynasty, but the Sultan Abdul Hamid will send reliques of those Turkish emperors that held sway in Hungary, including the throne of Soliman the Magnificent, and other things worth many millions of florins. There will be memorials of the Reformation struggles, the wars with Prussia, of all the nation's culture and love of progress. Different European monarchs will lend objects; museums,



THE CHAMBER OF MAGNATES.

honour. His study, in chambers and out, of the White Book—the Annual Practice—has not been without fruit; and, after long and almost silent study in the Divisional Court, he has become a useful member of that much-attacked tribunal. It is, however, in a breach of promise case or libel action that he shines, and there his sound sense and his openness of mind make him an excellent guide for the jury. When sitting alone he is apt to show a little impatience, but he will give way to the persistent advocate. Sir John Compton Lawrence certainly is as good a judge as are half his "learned brethren."



MR. JUSTICE LAWRENCE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

ALAN DUCIE'S DEVICE.

BY C. G. COMPTON.

Bertha Vandeleur, at Norton Abbey, Surrey, and Isabel Ashton, at 15, East Street, Marylebone, had one thing in common—the leading woman's part in Lucas Fletcher's new play, which was to be produced on the next Saturday at the Pall Mall Theatre.

Three years ago Isabel Staunton had retired from the London stage when she married Marcus Ashton, a barrister who had neglected politics and had been unknown until his conduct of an important company case brought his name before the public. His practice increased so suddenly that he thought himself justified in getting married and persuaded Isabel to give up the profession, in which she was becoming known, and settle down in Kensington as the wife of a rising lawyer.

Everything went well with them. They had a pleasant home, nice friends, and good prospects; also a baby. Then Marcus had influenza, resumed work too soon and got a relapse, followed by pneumonia. He died, leaving Isabel barely enough to provide food and shelter for herself and child.

She and her mother furnished some rooms in dingy East Street, N.W., and Isabel went back to the stage. At last, after many disappointments, she got an engagement, at a much lower salary than she had three years before. It was to understudy Miss Vandeleur at the Pall Mall Theatre.

This Sunday evening, Isabel and her mother, Mrs. Staunton, a fine actress still remembered by old playgoers, were discussing the part for the thousand and something time.

"There's no character in this Mrs. Culverstone," exclaimed Isabel. "There's a bit of Ibsen and a bit of Thackeray, something from Lytton, something from Dumas, and that ending of the second act is deliberately taken from Sardou. Then they say she's complex!"

"Well, well, my dear," murmured Mrs. Staunton, "they always did. Whenever an author patches up an odd character just to startle people, he calls it complex. I call it muddled; but what does it matter? You won't have to play it the first night, and you can see Miss Vandeleur—"

"Mother, I don't want to see Miss Vandeleur. I want to act it my own way, if anyone can play a woman who contradicts herself in every scene. Besides," she went on eagerly, "I might play it after all. Neither Barnard nor Fletcher would put it off again for anyone. They were immensely put out over Fred Marston's accident. Barnard wanted the understudy to play it. Mother, what is to be done with this woman—this mechanical *boîte aux surprises*?"

"Once, dear, I had to play a part nearly as absurd," said Mrs. Staunton. "Do you know what I did? I took my own line, left most of the part at the wings, and made a 'hit.' It was Céline Cherryfield, in 'Two Bites at a Cherry'—a bad piece, my dear."

"There are so many lines to take," objected Isabel, whisking the book of "Mrs. Culverstone" about disdainfully. "I must reconcile the least contradictory. Mark always said that dramatists did nothing but adapt other men's ideas to the stage. Dear Mark! Mother, come and look at little Mark asleep."

She had been walking to and fro, with the free stride so out of place in the small room, throwing her fair head back, and gesticulating as she spoke. She bent her tall figure over her mother, and laid her young, white face against her mother's pale cheek.

"Mother, dear, I want them both so much! Little Mark and the other who isn't here," she moaned.

Lucas Fletcher's great creation, Mrs. Culverstone, was giving Bertha Vandeleur some exquisite anticipations of triumph.

"It's a great part, a wonderful character," she said aloud as she lay alone on a couch in the vast drawing-room at Norton Abbey. "She's a different woman in every scene, and every one's telling. She'll fetch em; they'll simply eat her. I shall score this time, and then, Joey Barnard, you'd better look out! You talk of giving Dolly Foster the lead 'cos she's made a hit in one part. We'll see about that this day week! Pity dear old Bobbie's half broke. He'd start me, I know. I wish I hadn't told him not to come to-day. What is it, Talbot? Who? Alan Ducie? Oh, confound his cheek! Can't you get him away? Never mind, I'll see him," she decided, remembering that Ducie's infatuation might make him useful in case of a row with Barnard. "Say I'll be ready very soon. Bring him in here first, then come to my room—I must change, I suppose."

She rose—an unmistakable actress, of the black-eyebrowed, golden-haired type. She was shortish, a little stout, and not too young, but good-looking in a coarse, common way. From ballet to pantomime, and then to opera-bouffe, and latterly to drama, Bertha Vandeleur had worked her way by sheer doggedness, a grain of talent, and some beauty.

Making sure that her mistress had left, Talbot showed the Hon. Alan Ducie into the drawing-room, a service he recognised by giving her a sovereign. Ducie was a spare man of middle size and age, red-haired and red-whiskered, with the expression common to foxes and country gentlemen. It is a fixed expression, or he might have shown that he was pleased at having got his way so far. Alan Ducie either got his way or had his revenge.

"Well, Ducie, what does this mean?" asked Bertha, taking his hand lightly. "I told you not to come."

"So you did, Bertie. That's right enough. Oh, I don't care where I sit—this'll do," said Ducie, taking an easy-chair by her sofa. Bertha loved sofas. "But, Bertie, dear, I wrote and you didn't answer."

"Nothing to answer. The same old offer. It's positively indecent the way you go on with a woman. Ducie, haven't I told you I'm fond of Bobbie Stane? I never had any other lover. I shan't give him up."

"Think of his wife."

"Married to get into a good family. Her people make sheets at Blackburn or somewhere; and doesn't she keep Bobbie short, too?"

"Not surprising, is it?" laughed Ducie. "He's quarrelled with his father now."

"About me?"

Ducie nodded. Bertha looked pleased.

"And with Lord Brackley and the rest of the family."

"He never told me," cried Bertha; "he hates to think I have to worry."

"Moreover, and more to the purpose, he's about broke," pursued Ducie. "He won't be able to keep this place up much longer."

"I don't care. I don't mind that," said Bertha. "I'll stick to him, wherever he is. Bobbie's a good sort—he doesn't round on his pals."

"Everyone has his own way of going to work," said Ducie drily. "Mine is an excellent offer. Your own sense can settle it for you. Think."

"Once and for all, No, no, no, and no again!" declared Bertha, furious.

There was a long interval. Ducie recovered himself first. He rarely lost his temper, and never showed his hand.

"Very well. It's No, then; but don't bear malice," he said. "Pity would be more appropriate, wouldn't it?"

She gave him her hand, smiling. "Mind, never again, Alan, or our friendship is over," she said seriously. "Oh, I am so worried about this new part!"

"You always get upset the last week, Bertie. Do you remember my coming one evening—last year, wasn't it?—just as you were going off to play something or other?"

"Marcella in Potter's piece. A failure! Yes, I remember. I can't see anyone on those days. I must be alone. Every first night I send Talbot to the theatre with everything I want. An hour afterwards I drive up alone. It's a curious thing, Ducie, but I seem to be in a dream on those days till I get to the theatre. Isn't it strange?"

"Not at all; you're overstrung, nervous, and all that sort of thing. Well, I wish you luck on Saturday, Bertie."

"You're not going? You must stay now. I want someone to talk to. I'll tell you my reading of Mrs. Culverstone. Then we'll have some supper."

"All right. I like to hear you dissecting these imaginary people," said Ducie, lighting a cigarette.

When Talbot let Alan Ducie out, he found a carriage not his own waiting for him.

"Hullo! what's this?" he asked.

"Please, sir, I sent for the carriage," said Talbot; "I knew you'd missed the last Sunday train—we're so early in these country parts."

"Early, why it's not eleven yet!" replied Ducie, annoyed. "I wish you had told me—I could have telegraphed to my man; I hate strange coachmen and strange carriages! It's dirty, I suppose," he continued, looking disgustedly at the smart brougham.

"Oh no, sir; it's Miss Vandeleur's own—at least, we keep it for her use only," said the coachman. "As to driving, I drove Mr. Alex Huntingford for three years, and he knows what driving is; and I've driven Miss Vandeleur ever since she came to Norton, haven't I, miss?"

"He's a good coachman, sir; he's been at the stables a long while," said Talbot.

Ducie got in, telling the man to go to a house in Carlos Place. As the carriage moved on at a steady, quick rate he got over his annoyance and began to think about Bertha. He had been thinking of her on and off for many months. He had made the same offer repeatedly. At last he was convinced that he had failed. Then, as he always did, Ducie turned to thoughts of revenge, or, as he put it, determined to be even with her. His was a cool, practical mind, which dealt with the material at hand. He was never inspired, had no flashes of imagination; but he could combine existing facts so as to bring about his purpose with marvellous success.

His brooding during the long drive to town led him to ask the coachman into his library at Carlos Place; they had a long talk, a business talk of money and engagement, and that sort of thing.

Ducie was hard enough and keen enough, but the coachman had the stronger position, and knew it.

"I couldn't do it under," protested the man; "it wouldn't be worth it. Why, you know, sir, no one would take me afterwards."

"Very well, two hundred the day before," said Ducie.

"And a year's engagement with you?"

"You want both, then?"

"Well, you see, sir, it's like this," explained the man; "a poor man gets a bit down—a fair good bit this is, but not more than the job's worth. Well, he's out of work, he's hanging about all day, and he's got friends, or makes 'em, and does a bit of betting; and then, as often as not, loses all the money, and his place too."

"Two years' engagement, then?" said Ducie.

"You'll pardon me, sir," said the coachman, "I'm sure you will."

JUNE 10, 1896

THE SKETCH.

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THE COUNTESS OF ANCASTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

We're man to man. It's business. Well, you know, sir, a new man don't always give satisfaction, does he? And if a poor man loses his berth, how can he go to law? Chances are, lawyers get all the money if he wins; and if he loses, he's broke for good and all."

"You'll do. Two hundred and one year? Very well; come here on Wednesday, at ten. Good-night."

At their next interview, which lasted for a long while, Ducie came to a final arrangement with the coachman.

"That's all right; I quite understand. Here is a letter to my lawyers, Messrs. Wood, Cooper, and Hutchinson, Lincoln's Inn. Listen while I read," said Ducie—

"GENTLEMEN,—Unless advised to the contrary by me before eleven o'clock on Monday, Feb. 23, please pay the bearer, William Mallow, two hundred pounds, and at the same time give him the letter engaging him as my second coachman for twelve months from date.

Take the letter to that address on Monday at eleven o'clock, and if all has gone right you'll get the money and a place with me for twelve months. Is that plain? Yes? Very well; but mind, you get nothing if there's any muddle."

"That's fair enough," said the man; "the Stokesley railway station—South-Eastern—at five minutes past eight? Not the Brighton line, you said, sir?"

"You're not encouraging, Mallow, really you're not," said Ducie, rising from his chair. "I have insisted on the South-Eastern. Surely you grasp that?"

"It's all right, sir; I understand. It was only to make sure. I'll be there, sir, never you fear. Good-night, sir," said Mallow, touching his forehead as he retired like the self-possessed, discreet private servant he was.

Alan Ducie enjoyed a cigar and his own meditations, though his terra-cotta coloured face gave no sign of his satisfaction. But he wrinkled the tight skin of his cheeks so as to screw up his eyes till they became two glistening slits—proof, said his intimate friends, that Ducie was up to some exceptional devilry. When he had sufficiently enjoyed the contemplation of his last scheme, he wrote a letter to Bertha Vandeleur, telling her that he had got a stall after a lot of trouble, and giving her his anticipatory congratulations on the success he felt sure she would make on Saturday.

That fateful day came, squally and rainy. Isabel Ashton, pointing out the pennies in the puddles to her boy Mark, as she stared at the rain that would cost her a cab, Bertha Vandeleur, lying before the fire in the snug morning-room at Norton Abbey, both longed for while they dreaded the evening. Not, of course, that it meant anything like the same for Isabel; only a marvellous accident could make her play Mrs. Culverstone on the first night, and such accidents don't happen once in a lifetime—once is usually enough.

"It's left off raining, mother," said Isabel, as they were having tea; "I think I'll walk part of the way; it's quite fresh now. Why don't you come, mother? Courtenay said he'd find room for another if I'd swear not to tell anyone, so I swore."

"But, Mark, dear?" suggested Mrs. Staunton, who had been days thinking about going this evening.

"I'll trust Ellis for this once, if you'll come. Do, mother, do, just this once! You will? Oh, come and get ready; you've only to put on your cloak and bonnet. They're upper-box seats."

About the time that young Mark went to bed, Bertha Vandeleur, well guarded against the driving rain, had stepped silently into her carriage. So hard blew the wind that the coachman had to ram his hat down, and hold it, too, to prevent it being carried into the kitchen-garden.

"All right, driver," said the parlour-maid, running in.

Driving up to first nights had never lost its terrors for Bertha. Regularly she determined to think of everything but her part, and unfailingly everything led up to the very part she was playing. To-night there was no difference. There was the usual belt of semi-rurality to get through, then the zone of villadom, and then the sudden burst into London. The familiar route could not distract. So she went on thinking of the play, how she would look in that audacious costume of Madame Harrington's, how she would speak those lines in the second act when she was by the window. She tried to remember how Lucas Fletcher wanted them given, and then she had the sensation that the carriage was not going the usual way. She looked out at the shining hedges and the sombre meadows. They told her nothing. "Surely we should have reached the railway bridge," she said, and thought of pulling the check-string, only it was so silly.

She waited, peering through the streaming glass to catch sight of a reassuring landmark. Then came the shriek of an engine, the rumble of a train overhead, and they had passed under a railway bridge.

"I've no more nerve than a cat, to-night," thought Bertha, leaning back, relieved of one anxiety to pass to another. This time it was critics. They lasted her a long while, so long that again she suddenly came to herself with the same impression of being in the wrong road. Surely they should be in the Westminster Bridge Road by this time. Bertha held her watch under the little lamp. They were late. She became quite uneasy. Then a tram-car glided along. That was conclusive, and he was going faster, seeing he had lost time. Angry with herself, Bertha paid no more attention till the carriage stopped at the lamp-lit entrance.

She waited for Green, the stage-doorkeeper, to open the carriage-door, as usual, while she collected her handkerchief and scent-bottle. Mallow, whip in hand, opened the door instead, and Bertha stepped out quickly, turning as she entered and recoiling from an unknown wall.

Dazed, puzzled, she made for the opening opposite, and found herself in the bare spaciousness of an empty railway-station.

"What does this mean?" she exclaimed, catching sight of the station clock declaring seven minutes after eight. She went swiftly towards the door as Alan Ducie, very wet, entered cheerfully.

He took off a dripping hat, and then a black wig. Bertha stared, bewildered, doubting herself, doubting him, wanting to doubt the impassive clock going on to the ten minutes after.

"Ducie, what's this place? Why am I here?" she asked.

"This is Stokesley Station, twelve miles from London, same as Norton. You are here because I drove you here."

"But, Ducie, I should be at the Pall Mall now. It's the first night of 'Mrs. Culverstone.' What does it mean?"

"It means, my dear Bertie, that I always make myself quits with people."

She did not speak for a minute; she could not at once realise what he meant. "Oh, I see, I see," she gasped. "This is because I refused. Oh, you mean beast, you cur, you coward! You've ruined me! I can't get there in time! It's too late, by God, Ducie!"

She sprang at him, as he expected, and he caught her by the arm just above the elbow, and spun her away.

"Oh, you scheming ead! you unutterable blackguard!" she yelled, coming back to him.

For three minutes he bore the fury of an exasperated and hysterical woman as she followed him round the booking-office.

Then the clerk inside threw up his window to see the row. Bertha rushed to the place.

"When's the next train to London?" she cried.

"Nine-twelve."

"Oh, is there nothing sooner? Do help me! I'm Bertha Vandeleur, the actress. I ought to be at the theatre now. Is there no chance?"

"Happy to help you, Miss Vandeleur," said the clerk. "Jump in a cab; drive to the Brighton Station. If their 8.28 is late, as usual, you ought to catch it. Cab there!" he shouted repeatedly.

"My carriage is here," said Bertha faintly, going to the door. There was no carriage, but a country cab cantering up. She got in before it stopped. "Other station quick as you can; drive hard: here"—she gave him the first coin she touched, a half-sovereign, and he took it out of the horse. All to no purpose, for the 8.28 chose to be on time, and Bertha spent forty-five minutes on the platform, walking up and down in the cold, damp air, though she had no hat, and only carriage-wraps. Under a lamp on the other platform a frame of theatre-bills was honestly conspicuous. One bill announced: "To-night, for the First Time. 'Mrs. Culverstone,' by Lucas Fletcher. Miss Vandeleur, Mrs. Marston"—Bertha read no more.

At last the train came and dragged up to town, stopping at trifling, needless stations, and reaching Victoria some minutes late.

Just as the last act began, Bertha, faint and pale, rushed up to Dick Courtenay, the Pall Mall acting-manager, as he slipped quietly out of the dress-circle. He was surprised, but wouldn't show it.

"We had a telegram," he said in a whisper, "that you had broken your ankle."

"Yes, part of the scheme."

"Barnard and Fletcher had fits, I can tell you. At last the chief swore Isabel Ashton should play; and she is playing, and doing very well."

"What's she like?" asked Bertha.

"I think she's good," said Courtenay. "Anyhow, she's a 'hit.' Fletcher says she must have remembered every word he told you; but Marston says she's left Fletcher's Mrs. Culverstone at home, and is playing an utterly different woman. Like to go in?"

"I should, but—"

Courtenay saw it coming, so Bertha fainted on a soft sofa, and was got away before the shouts of success greeted Isabel Ashton on the stage and cheered Mrs. Staunton in the boxes.

Alan Ducie's revenge was expensive; Bertha Vandeleur started in management on the cheque he had to pay for his policy of getting even with people. But he didn't mind that so much as being asked to leave the only two respectable clubs of which he was a member. Isabel Ashton is not, at least not yet, the leading lady of any London theatre; but, all the same, she is not understudying, and she doesn't live in East Street any longer.

A SONG TO A PICTURE.

(Vide the opposite page.)

Listen, dreaming Iris, purple-gowned and sad,
With little glimpse of gold neck,—hair in ripples—mad
With wistfulness of unfulfilled dreams of good and bad!

Painter-man has found you, into flower grown,
Brooding, mystic blossom, beautiful, alone!
Can singer try to reach your heart in rhyme of colour-tone?

Tell me of your thoughts, lady, fancy-fit your whim
Is it of the moment, waking up to him
Who shall drink your sweet soul-wine from out your life-cup's rim?

Speak! Oh, dreaming Iris, peering into fate,
Bending o'er the threshold of Love's golden gate;
Love waits for you impatient. Say, shall he ever wait?

c. k.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



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MISS FRANCES FORBES-ROBERTSON.—HUGH DE T. GLAZEBROOK.

EXHIBITED AT THE NEW GALLERY.

ART NOTES.

We reproduce the Academy portrait of Mr. W. H. M. Read, whose full titles to fame are that he was a member of the Legislative Council of Singapore from 1867 to 1885, an officer of the "Primus in Indus" Volunteer Corps from 1854 to 1879, and Consul-General for the

Netherlands from 1856 to 1885; he is a Knight Commander of the Netherlands Lion, and has been decorated with the Siamese Order of Chuba-Surat Bhorn. The portrait, which is a fine, upright, square piece of work, well modelled, and sympathetic to its subject, has been painted by Miss Mary E. Leveson, who is exhibiting four other portraits in the Royal Academy this year. Six portraits by this clever artist were contributed to the Academy, only one of which found its way back to her studio.

Mr. Hector Maclean, F.R.P.S., F.G.S., President of the Croydon Camera Club, Vice-President of the Croydon Art Society, Member of the Surrey

Art Circle, &c., is a bold man; he is "fully assured that the future of pictorial art is closely bound up with photography," and he has therefore written an interesting little book, entitled "Photography for Artists," which contains "brief and useful information respecting the many uses of photography in the pictorial arts." He begins by informing the world that, as a matter of fact, artists use photography more than is generally supposed, although they are, for the most part, ashamed of the practice. In reference to this, Mr. Maclean wisely remarks that, if anyone considers the use of photography discreditable to him as an artist, he had better not use it; if he use it, he should not be ashamed. That is true enough; but the step from announcing a high moral truth to the assumption that all artists will immediately act upon it is a sufficiently long one; and Mr. Maclean is bold in assuming, therefore, that his book will at once secure a public artistic demand. To be quite frank, the artists who have hitherto employed photography will find in this work an eminently useful guide for the avoidance of



A PHOTOGRAPH PORTRAIT.—J. CRAIG ANNAN.

photographic pitfalls; they will find numerous and easy facilities for hiding their own use of photography; while the artists who have hitherto persistently rejected this mechanical aid are not likely to be persuaded by Mr. Maclean to change their views on account of his method and encouragement. Let it be added that, if Mr. Maclean's literary manner

is not striking, he appears to know his subject thoroughly. The examples he gives at the end of his volume are all charming, from which a photograph inscribed "Janet Burnet, A.D. 1893," by Mr. J. Craig Annan, is reproduced herewith.

In this column is reproduced a portrait of Mrs. Scott Thorpe, contributed to the Royal Academy by Miss Edith Maas. The lady stands with her head thrown back upon her right hand, while with her left she supports the drapery that flows down the clinging skirt. The costume itself may be described as a judicious mingling of the classical Greek ideal with the rather more abundant decorative effects of our own period. The composition is delicate, fluent, and effectively simple, while the modelling of the head and the alive, conscious expression of the face have a charming vitality. The general effect loses very little by its translation into black and white.

An exhibition is now on view at the Fine Art Society's Rooms to which the name of "A Panel Show" is given. The excellent underlying idea is that the several works of each contributor shall hang in panels together, so that there may be no unnecessary delay in forming a reasonable judgment, and that the character of the exhibition may remain uniform. In this instance it consists of several water-colours and pastels by Messrs. Wimperis, G. Boughton, A. Thorburn, J. Charlton, Edwin Hayes, George Elgood, Madame Henriette Ronner, and others. Mr. Boughton is, perhaps, the most excellent contributor to the collection, and that not so much on account of the figures he shows us, which have always been a little feeble and wooden, but because of the glimpses of



MRS. SCOTT THORPE.—MISS EDITH MAAS.
Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

in a word, if not sensational, is very worthy indeed, and deserves general recognition of its meritoriousness.

At the same rooms are hung many original drawings by Mr. C. Dana Gibson, the well-known American black-and-white draughtsman, whose views upon his art and upon various other subjects were recently ventilated in these columns. It may be doubted, perhaps, if Mr. Gibson was quite wisely inspired in arranging this exhibition. In the case of Mr. Du Maurier it was another matter, for this artist, in his *Punch* drawings, drew to the same scale as his reproductions. But Mr. Gibson, who knows exactly what he is doing when he works for reproduction in American papers, chooses to draw his originals upon something like a huge scale, leaving to the process man the task of required reduction. The result is that the reproduction is actually, in some instances, more refined, more purposeful, and more convincing than the original. A critic whose opinion is always worth having has even allowed himself to say, "In fact, these bold, clever sketches are very few of them fit to be looked at long; . . . some are painfully staring or wire-drawn, and in one or two the manner is better than the matter." Accurate undoubtedly as the first part of this verdict is, it is one which could never have been passed upon the admirable reproductions of the same work in *Life* and other American journals; as to the manner being occasionally better than the matter, that is true enough, for, as has been before observed here, in the general criticism of a volume of reproductions by Mr. Gibson recently issued, his social satires have sometimes too persistent a note of the sordid aspect of life. From such a note, however, he often delightfully liberates us, as in his charming "Sweethearts," and in the sentiment which pervades other drawings which are rather emotional than satirical.

At a general meeting of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours the following artists were recently elected members: J. Bernard Partridge, Arthur Burrington, E. Davies, Gordon Browne, Albert Kinsley, and Miss G. Demain Hammond—an interesting and attractive list.

BURMA AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Photographs by Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace.

Nowadays, when men breakfast in Paris and dine in London, and the touring companies make all parts of the civilised world familiar, there is no occasion for surprise at the appearance of a Burmese village in our midst.

Burma, being too far for the average tourist, comes to us with results amusing and instructive. Messrs. Fowle and Fairlie have brought over the company—twenty-one in all—and they are at present located in the Central Transept of the Crystal Palace, where they have built their village, and brought materials for the work by which they live, together with a large stock of Lares and Penates ugly to behold. I have been among them frequently since their arrival, saw them building their huts and dusting their gods, and have come to the conclusion that they are as inoffensive as they are interesting. There are weavers, cigar-makers, silversmiths, tapestry-workers, wood-carvers, tattooers, and house decorators; while the majority are

also skilled entertainers, can perform upon hideous instruments, dance, box, play football, and juggle. They are always very idle or very busy,



MR. ROBERT FOWLE.

I have ever seen in his own line of business. He can do with his feet what Cinquevalli does with his hands.

The Burmese evidently possess good ears for music, by which I mean to infer that their tympanums remain unaffected by the discordant row of their own instruments of unmusical torture. At the performance you can see a man, Moung Bah by name, sit in the middle of a hollow drum, with small drums round him on every side, and make the most horrid noise imaginable, just as though he rather liked it. He seems pleased to begin, and sorry to leave off, thus reversing my own feelings in the matter. He and his instruments are very terrible on the occasions when the Burmese National Anthem is in request. *En passant*, the Burmese National Anthem is even worse than the English one. They have what is called light music, in which the horrid bass drums of Moung Bah take no part. For this relief much thanks!

For the man who only requires amusement, and regards all attempts at instruction as insults, there is no call for mental exertion—he can be amused and go upon his way; but the student has been catered for by means of a good Burmese Loan Collection, to which many interesting exhibits have been contributed. There is the gold and silver model of a pagoda lent by the officers of the 2nd Somersetshire Light Infantry, and the state chariot of Theebaw, with golden umbrella to match.

I expect that the village will be transferred from the Central Transept to the grounds in a few weeks, Jupiter Pluvius permitting, in order to clear the place for the Jubilee performance of "The Messiah" at the end of June. If this is done, it will add yet another attraction to the grounds, which are at present in perfect condition. The Crystal Palace, under the astute direction of Mr. Gillman, is no longer the dull place whose fallen glories all old friends regretted. Beautiful as ever, it is now up to date. The North Tower Gardens, nightly illuminated, and



A JUGGLER.



A GROUP OF WOMEN.



MAH TIN.

entertaining visitors to the theatre, and selling their goods at the stalls, or sitting cross-kneed in their huts as though their life had neither care nor duties. Yet there are soldiers among them, men of action, like Moung Chin Oo and Moung Loo Tay, who have seen service under Mindo Min and King Theebaw, his son. Moreover, some are prophets, others are poets, and most are cooks.

The visitor can have a good time. He may go through the village and see the people at work, he may be tattooed if he be built that way, he may eat Burmese curries on the great stage once sacred to pantomime, he may go to the entertainment and see Mah Tin dance. Let me confess candidly and honestly that I am in love with Mah Tin. She is a dainty little being, about twelve years old, with a powdered face, the most impudent eyes in the world, and a smiling face to match. Sometimes I see her in her hut with her father, Moung Po Hat, author and musician, and her mother, Mah Sein, who makes cigars. Then Mah Tin spares me a smile, or comes to tea with me on the great stage and flirts in Burmese. I don't understand a word of her talk, but my affection remains unabated; and when what Sir Edwin Arnold calls the Tenth Muse leaves me a little spare time, I will court one of the more melodious Nine—I forget which—and celebrate the charms of Mah Tin in a sonnet. Her dancing is well worth seeing; she is the only person who ever sang "Ta-Ra," &c., without making me think of justifiable homicide.

After the fascinating little dancing-girl, Moung Loo Tay is, perhaps, the most interesting member of the company. The advertisements describe him as the finest "chatty" juggler in Burma. I challenge the statement. In the first place, he can only be the finest juggler out of Burma, as he is at the Crystal Palace. Then, why "chatty"? I have not noticed the alleged loquacity, if the word be English; and, if not, I should like a translation. In any case, he is the most wonderful man

filled with the music of the Royal Horse Guards band, will challenge comparison with Earl's Court, Olympia, or Imperial Institute. Fireworks are given on two nights instead of one, and on early-closing nights admission after six o'clock costs but sixpence.

S. L. B.



CIGAR-MAKERS.



MISS IRENE ROOKE AS MERCIA AND MR. NORMAN V. NORMAN AS MARCUS
IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BLOMFIELD, HASTINGS.



MISS MARY CAMPBELL MACKENZIE AS DACIA
IN "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. BLOMFIELD, HASTINGS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A very unconventional book of stories has been sent out from Mr. Elkin Mathews's house, under the title of "The Garden of the Match-boxes." The writer, Mr. W. D. Scull, should be heard from again. Reminiscences of "The Arabian Nights," of Stevenson, and of French story-tellers run through one's mind while reading them, but without detracting from the originality. The most conspicuous qualities are their condensed style and their restraint, for, as to the matter, out of quite as good have come many a time far more worthless tales. But, though it is by their manner they gain distinction, they are not of the cold, heartless, merely literary order—warmly human, on the contrary, prompting you to laugh and to feel. "The Old House at Brindisi" is the tragedy of a family given in a very few pages. The father is a mountebank musical artist, with no talent and much affection for his kindred; the mother is driven by stress of poverty to earn bread for the family by the one miserable way open to her, yet hating her trade all the time. The child guesses darkly at the real conditions of their existence, just at the moment when the springs of genius are welling up in him. Then comes the discovery of a commonplace money-making talent in him, and farewell to poverty and dishonour, and likewise to the life of the delicate seedlings of musical genius. The best of the other tales are excellent narratives—"Escape," "Ali, the Grasping-Greedy," and the title-story, clever, ingenious, delicate in workmanship; and the hand that made them, if it do not defeat its powers by attempts at over-subtlety, is one surely fashioned to make others as good. A copious supply of entertainment, perhaps, should not be looked for from Mr. Scull. The kind of work he chooses to do requires time, but he should have hearty acknowledgment from such as enjoy an absence of commonplace sentiment and of literary tricks, with an honest endeavour after correct designs and perfect finish.

"A Short Life of Thomas Davis" is the last volume of "The New Irish Library" (Unwin). The writer is, of course, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Maybe there are other writers who could fit Davis into his niche in literature more justly, but there is none that can speak of the man so veraciously. It is an act of piety, a labour of love, for Sir Charles to tell the story once again of the time when he and Davis and the other Young Irelanders worked shoulder to shoulder, and when they forced themselves to be poets because their country needed poetry just then. The younger judges are mostly right about Davis's poetical powers, though "Owen Roe O'Neill," and one or two more ballads, seem to come from a native spring within him. The "legend" that grew up about him had curious circumstances, for it sprang, in his case, not nearly so much from picturesqueness and a poetic reputation as from pure respect. Character was never more potent in a public movement. Thus, Sir Charles cannot exaggerate, and, when he tells the story of Davis's early death, one feels not a little of the emotion that cut into Ireland at the time, expressed by many, and best of all by Ferguson—

I walked through Ballinderry in the springtime,
When the bud was on the tree;
And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding
The sowers striding free,
Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden plenty,
On the quick seed-clasping soil,
Even such, this day, among the fresh-stirred hearts of Erin,
Thomas Davis, is thy toil.

For a maiden author, as Colonel Newnham-Davis proclaims himself in his dedication to be, there is a remarkable versatility and vigour shown in the telling of his short stories, "Three Men and a God" (Downey and Co.), which many a veteran *raconteur* might attempt without achieving. That sketch which gives the book its name is particularly well written, its tale turning on the gift of a little Indian god to pretty Miss Grey Eyes by the man she did not marry, and of a subsequent vengeance taken by the elephant-headed deity because his image was flouted by the man she did. In the half-dozen pages of "The Millionaire" we get a short but strong dose of soul-curdling realism. Clear-cut as a cameo is the gruesome picture of lepers clustering in impotent orisons round a native shrine. "The monkeys were there in their thousands, and amongst them quaking figures wrapped in dirty cotton sheets—semblances of humanity sitting by the road or at the edge of tombs, holding out stumps of arms to us as we passed." These tragic impressions are well admixed, however, with the light side of nature and of comic relief. Colonel Newnham-Davis affords excellent examples in such numbers as "A Modern Rajah," or "A Company Gaff," where, in the intervals of a scratch musical entertainment in non-commissioned quarters, the big drum assists, to quote Colour-Sergeant Whistler, "by fillin' 'oles in the music." Even a good story can gain in its manner of telling, and the author of "Three Men and a God" plainly owns this happy habit. Among many books dealing with Anglo-Indian incident, this one stands well to the front with its best contemporaries.

A good story has come to us from America within these last weeks by way of Messrs. Macmillan's "Tom Crogan." "Tom" is really the widow of the man, but she takes his place efficiently as a stevedore, and, with her good health, her muscular energy, her cheeriness, her humour, and her forcible language, she has hardly her equal. Envy dogs her. She is persecuted and plotted against, and physically injured; but her pluck, her Irish mother-wit, and her instincts of fighting for her children, have the best of it in the end. "Tom Crogan" is a kindly, humorous story. The writer, Mr. E. Hopkinson Smith, has a close knowledge of working-folk's struggles and of human nature, and he works his knowledge into pleasant shape with a light hand. o. o.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ROTTEN ROW.

You all know, even those of you who have horses and carriages and bicycles, the rows of green chairs which line the society corner of Hyde Park. Most of us have paid our penny for a ticket—which economical people will remember serves a whole day—and have lounged about on those chairs. Now, I happened to be so engaged the other afternoon (says a *Sketch* writer), and, sitting there, I watched the ebb and flow of wealth and fashion, beauty and finery. Thought I to myself, Has Rotten Row always been what it is now—what it is as the London season draws to a head? I am not referring to the handsomely dressed people, the fine carriages, the saddle-horses—these, of course, have always been. What I had in my mind was the Row in its habits—the Row as a personal thing. I supposed that, like any other institution, it has evolved and changed, that it has its humours like an individual. Therefore, I got into talk with one of the chair-attendants, and I asked him about such points as had been running in my mind. What a capital outlook upon some phases of life must be got in dancing attendance upon those green chairs for a series of years. A stream of humanity varying with the months, magnificence and riches, poverty and want, glimpses of love and of tragedy—but, really, if I were a chair-attendant, I should be so busy collecting the pennies and seeing that nobody went away without paying that I shouldn't have time to remember my opportunities as a philosopher.

"Anyhow," said my friend, the actual chair-attendant, "we are not here all the year round, simply for the reason that there's nothing for us to do. People don't come and sit around the edges of the Row when the days are dark and short—at least, not many of those who have more comfortable quarters elsewhere. No, you don't see the chairs very full except during the season and the fine weather; the ordinary benches, which are free, do most of the business at other times. It's the season—that's the time."

"Well, now, has Rotten Row always ridden in the morning and driven in the afternoon—or have you known it when it had other habits?"

"Oh, dear me, yes! People used to ride from twelve to two in the day, and then again from five o'clock to seven. I don't know if riding was more popular in those past times than it is at present, but certainly we had two clear spells of it. Perhaps the explanation is that society folks spend as much time on their one canter as years back they would have spent on two. Assuredly they find their appetite for dinner by other means than a gallop in the Row, with the result that the riding, afternoon or evening, amounts to very little. There may be a few stray horsemen or horsewomen, or a riding-master may be out with his pupils, but that is all."

"Do you think the cycling fashion—that fashionable cycling has had any influence on the popularity of horse-riding in the Row?"

"No doubt, some of those who formerly rode have now taken to the bicycle, but no great difference is perceptible in the number of horses. I should judge that many both ride a horse and a bicycle who formerly were only familiar with the former recreation. Yes, it looks as if the cycling fashion was to remain—that it is to be a permanent, not merely a temporary thing in the Park. Does a pretty woman look as well on a bicycle as on a horse? Now, what a question that is to ask me! And, indeed, I can't answer it, although, to be sure, we may all have our ideas."

This qualification did not leave me any opportunity for putting a question upon which I have often exercised myself. Is it the handsome women or those less dowered by nature who most become cyclists, or is it the one type as much as the other? Well, I shall have to remain in doubt still, and I turned to the quality of the horses and the equipages which appear in Hyde Park. Were they better than they had ever been?

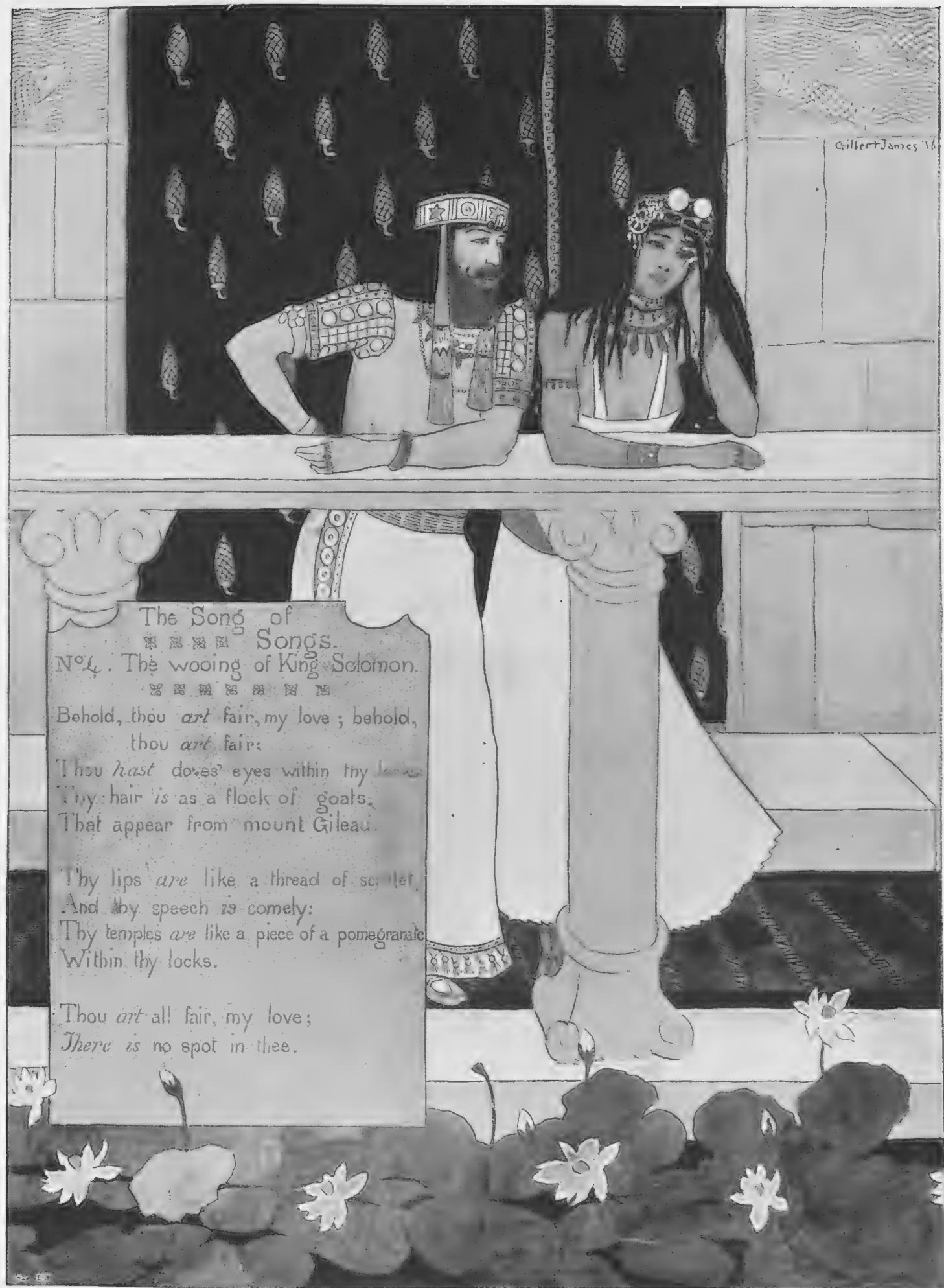
"They have always been so fine," was the answer I got, "that any improvement would have been difficult. But, certainly, in respect to the show of splendid carriages, of beautiful horses, there has been an increase, just as, I suppose, society is always coming to be bigger itself. As to fashions, I think that society women and society men are undoubtedly better dressed than ever. Don't misunderstand me. It is not a question of expense in dress at one time or another, but a question of fashions and taste, and my own idea would be that the clothes we see in the Park now are more elegant than those of, say, ten or fifteen years ago. These matters don't, however, concern me a great deal, and any impressions which I may have are hardly worth repeating."

"Does the Row see anything of the members of the royal family?"

"Oh, I have seen the Queen drive through the Park when she has been in town, also the Princess of Wales and other royalties. Should the Princess of Wales come, it is generally between half-past five and six in the evening, but she does not visit the Park very often, even at the height of the season. No, I don't recollect having sold chair-tickets to any of the royalties, but, then, how am I to know who the notable people are who may be here? It's impossible."

Then my philosopher of the green chairs chatted about the groups of our American visitors who find their way to Hyde Park of a morning or an afternoon when they are in this country. Similarly, he touched upon the alterations in the landscape which, within his experience, have taken place round about the Achilles statue. "Why," he declared, "there have been great improvements in that respect, and the surroundings of Hyde Park are much more beautiful than ever they were before. That remark applies to Hyde Park as a whole, and, so far as I know, to all our London parks."

Gentle reader, when next you buy a pennyworth of a seat in Hyde Park, I hope you will be content with a smaller return than I got.



THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE PAGET PAPERS."*

"The atrocious crime of being a young man" was rife at the close of the last century among European generals, statesmen, and diplomats, with the result that the great world spun down the ringing grooves of change with planetary swiftness and brilliance. It must be remembered too that, while the world moved at express speed, news of its movements travelled with such slowness that the young men in weighty posts had to act often at momentous crises on their own responsibility. In these days of the telegraph a Prime Minister is—

Much like a subtle spider which doth sit
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.

But a hundred years ago, as "The Paget Papers" generally, and especially the career of Sir Arthur Paget himself, remind us, the statesman at the centre of the web often felt a wave of movement only after it had spent its main force. Meanwhile, his agent had to act on the spot and on the moment at his own discretion. Thus the responsibility which everyone shirks to-day everyone in those days had to face, with the natural result that he rose to the occasion and justified the trust placed in him. It is not possible, for instance, to imagine a young fellow of twenty-three to-day taking gratuitously upon himself the responsibility of writing such a letter about the bride-elect of the Heir to the Throne as Sir Arthur, when Secretary of Legation to Berlin, wrote to Lord St. Helens about Caroline of Brunswick. But the prescience of his remonstrance strikes you as much as its courage. "Obvious reasons," he writes in one part of this remarkable letter, "point out the necessity of not committing to paper the received character of the Princess, and I am sure that your Lordship is too well acquainted with it to make that necessary. I cannot, however, avoid saying this much, that I conceive it more calculated to ensure the misery of the Prince of Wales than promote his happiness, and at a future period the nation's welfare." Yet this was the martyred Lucretia over whose injured innocence all England was to weep later! His Royal Highness repaid Sir Arthur's vain attempt to break off this ill-starred engagement by an attempt, no less vain, to make the diplomatist happy with the hand of the widow of the fourth Duke of Rutland. His Royal Highness's letters are equally creditable to his own and to his friend's amiability, and certainly no dowager could be more ardent in the promotion of this match for

his "dearest Arthur" than his Royal Highness. "On my soul," writes the Prince, "I think I never did see any creature in all my life so perfectly attached as she is; indeed, my dear Arthur, you never will be able to shake it off. I almost, from the manner in which she talks of you, the animation, the passion with which she dwells upon your name, and upon every circumstance that regards you, should think you to blame were you to attempt ever to break through it, as I am confident it would cost her her life, and I am persuaded you never did or could forgive yourself."

The letter closes with a choice specimen of the "King's English" and of the manners and customs of his Royal Highness's household:—"Since that day the old girl has never ceased being tipsy twice a day—first at dinner, and on—but after supper—for she always makes a regular supper first—and a couple of bottles of iced champagne, after a couple of quarts of Small Beer, which she calls, you know, a Swig of Beer, has completed, about six in the morning, the old Gentlewoman since she has been with us here." Sir Arthur, despite his youth and the rank of his august friend, had the courage to take his Royal Highness to task for

his mode of life, since in another letter the Prince writes:—"As to myself, my friend, with many thanks for your kind and affectionate jobation, I can only assure you that I follow most strictly your advice." In this letter, again, and even more ardently, his Royal Highness urges the claims of the widowed Duchess upon his friend's heart and hand; but, for some reason, the match never came off. The deserted Duchess, however, was avenged later by the successful opposition of the parents on both sides to Sir Arthur's impassioned suit to the Princess Leopoldine, daughter of the Austrian Prince and Princess Esterhazy—a bitter disappointment, which soured some years of the young diplomatist's life. It is difficult to realise either the extreme youth or the ardent love of Sir Arthur, so responsible are the posts he fills and so acute and worldly-wise are his letters. At twenty-one he is Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg; at twenty-three he was at Berlin in a similar post, and for several momentous months acted with consummate discretion there as *Charge d'Affaires*; at twenty-four he was returned to

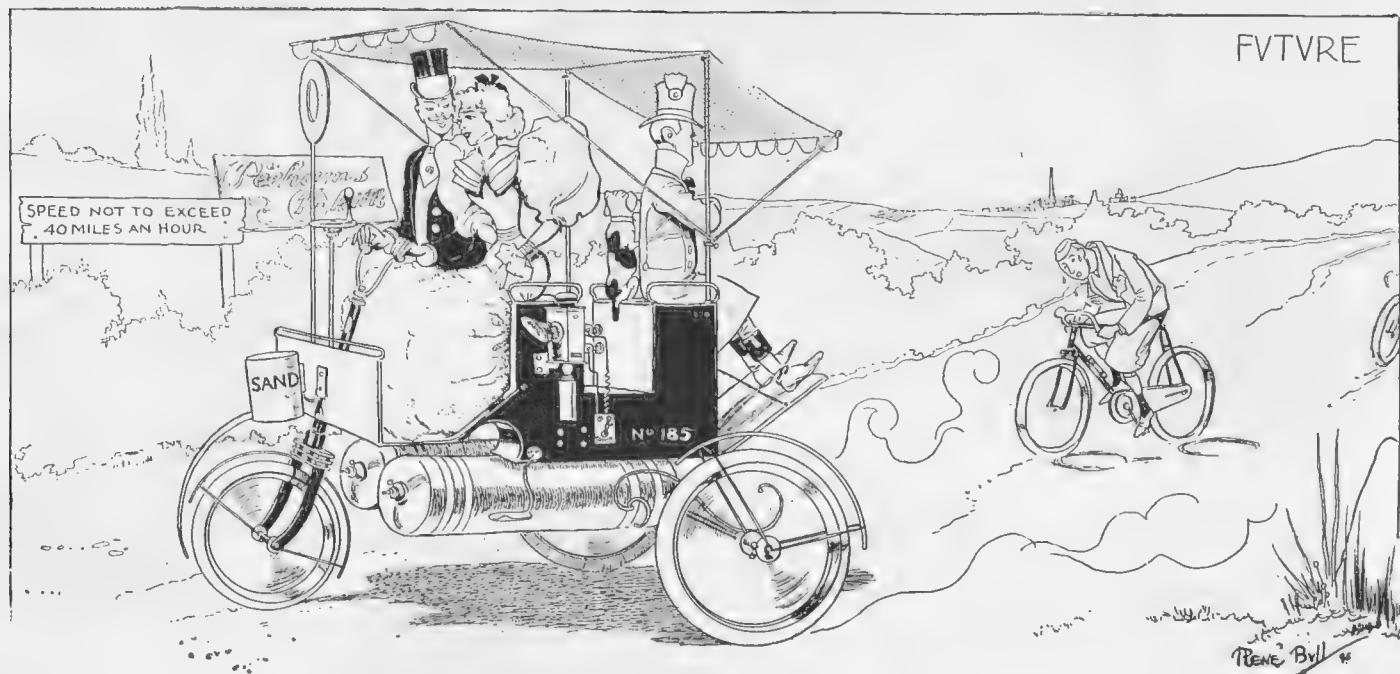
Parliament for Anglesey; at twenty-five he refused the Secretaryship of Embassy at Madrid; and he was but twenty-seven when he was appointed "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Elector of Bavaria," and but twenty-nine when he succeeded Sir William Hamilton, at a most critical moment, as Envoy Extraordinary to the King of the Two Sicilies. Sir William, not unnaturally, took his sudden supersession with an ill grace, and it was, no doubt, to this that we owe much of Sir Arthur's disgust with the Lady Hamilton and Nelson affair. "I hear," he writes to his mother, "that Lady Hamilton is moving heaven and earth to be received at Court, but, I trust, without any chance of succeeding; pray don't let that be, if you can help it, for there never was such a —." An unquotable letter of Lord Dalkeith's, apropos of Sir Arthur's taking the place of Lady Hamilton's husband, and the following significantly italicised words in the prefatory memoir, hardly suggest that Sir Arthur was himself a Joseph: "Wherever he went he appears to have enjoyed an immense and universal popularity, *not confined to one sex alone*." He was a good hater, however, and Lady Hamilton had evidently vented her vixenish spite on him as her husband's superseder. Apropos of the vixenish spite of a good hater, how childish the specimens of it you have in the letters in these volumes of Lord Keith, Windham, and even sometimes of Sir Arthur himself, where "Fleas, Bugs, Lice," and even adjectives and adverbs, are printed with capitals, but the "french" thus—with a small "f"! Lord Keith especially, who flings capitals



SIR ARTHUR PAGET.

about, "like wealthy men who care not how they give," on common nouns, adjectives, adverbs, always spells his gallant enemy France and French with a small "f"! It is not the French who show small in such spelling! But, indeed, it is difficult for us to realise the intensity of the national English hate and horror of the French in those days. The gallant Sir Arthur himself writes thus to Lord Malmesbury: "You will have heard probably that the Russians have taken Vilna by storm, and I have since learnt that they have not left a living soul in the place, and such is her Imperial Majesty's humane intention during the progress of the war—a system which, if it has any merit, possesses it only when employed against Infidels and the French"; while among Sir Arthur's papers was found a letter of rancorous abuse of Napoleon, purporting to have been written by Admiral Villeneuve on the morning of his suicide, which Sir Arthur must have known to have been spurious. Why the editor, who acknowledges that "there are expressions in it which could hardly have been penned by a Frenchman," should think it worth printing, we cannot imagine. For the most part, however, the editor has done well what was well worth doing, and given us a vivid picture at once of a notable man and of the most interesting epoch in modern history.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE

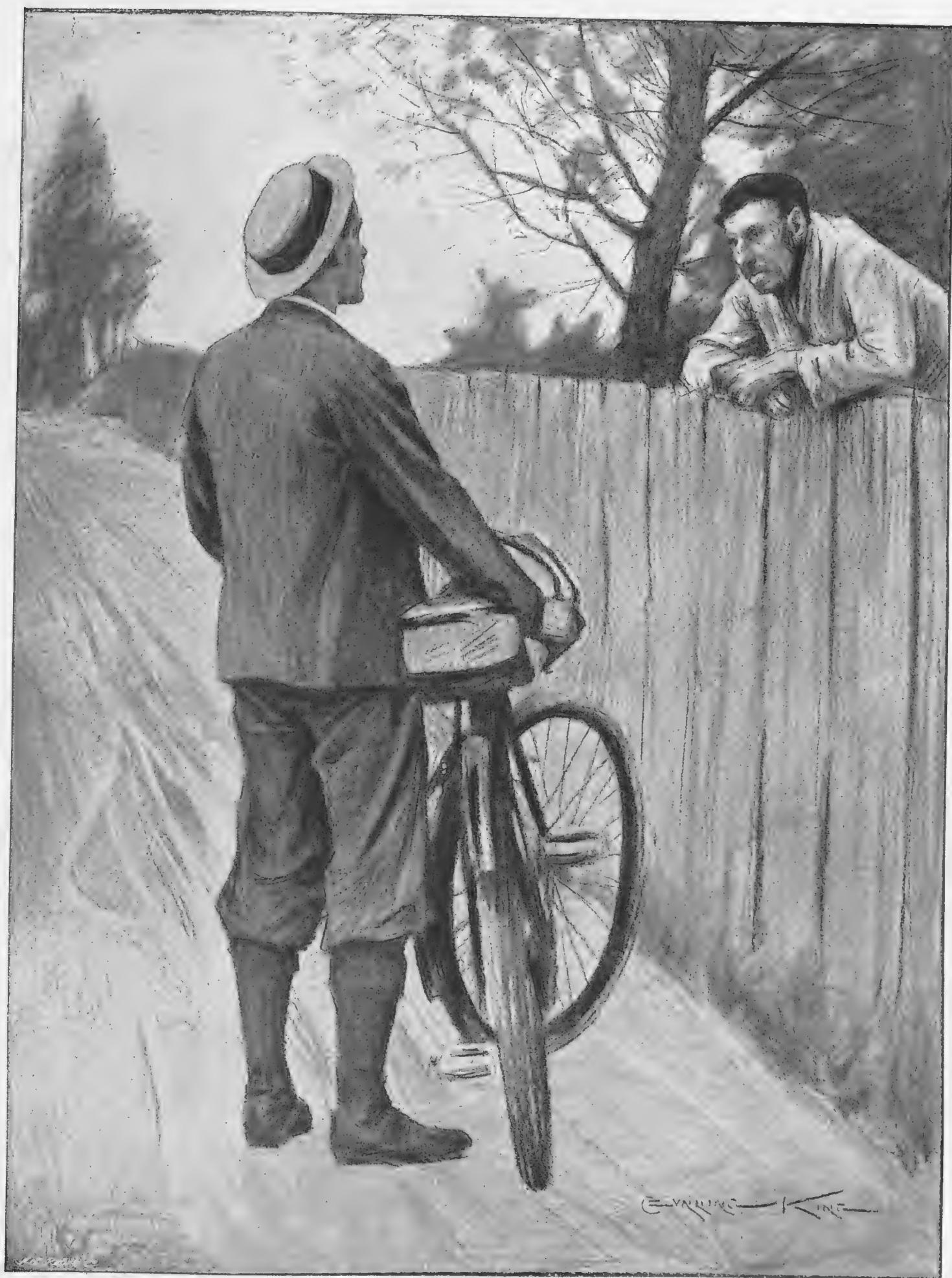




CUSTOMER: Isn't it strange, waiter, that I find so many flies in my beer?

WAITER: Well, no, sir, considering the time of year. If you were to find 'em at Christmas, it would be strange.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



CYCLIST : Which is the way to Epsom, Bill ?

BILL : 'Ow d' yer know my name's Bill ?

CYCLIST : I didn't know it, I only guessed it.

BILL : Then you can blooming well guess yer way to Epsom.



AT THE LOUVRE.

THE NARCISSUS FIELDS AT SCILLY.

Photographs by Robert Preston, Penzance.

The most delightful part of the Delectable Duchy is also the least known to the average tourist. Yet the Isles of Scilly possess a variety of interests, geographical, botanical, artistic, and romantic, unique in Great Britain. The Great Western Railway takes one to Penzance in about eight hours, but the passage to Scilly—a distance under forty miles—occupies



CUTTING WHITE NARCISSUS.

nearly four hours more—and the passage is usually one to remember. The confluence of the English and Bristol Channels at the Land's End brings about that unpleasant rough-and-tumble sea which is as dangerous to the average landsman as the Bay of Biscay. In the crossing, however, the sight of land is never lost, and long before the dangerous rocks and shoals of West Cornwall apparently sink beneath the horizon the day-mark of St. Martin's, the easternmost headland of the group, is seen, and the victim of *mal-de-mer* begins to pull himself together and tries to imagine that he has had an enjoyable trip. With more powerful steamers than those which now have the monopoly of the trading between Scilly and the mainland, the journey could easily be performed in a couple of hours, to the exceeding comfort of the average dry-land sailor and to the very considerable increase in the number of passengers.

The Isles of Scilly possess an antiquity which stretches back for a period of three thousand years, and are said to have been discovered by Hamilco, a Carthaginian of the Silures, a Phoenician colony in Spain; they were called *Sillinae Insulae* by the Romans, and *Hesperides* or *Cassiterides*, from their westerly situation, by the Greeks. But the ancient history of the hundred and forty islands composing the entire group is told at length in an admirable Guide by Mr. J. C. Tonkin, who is one of the patriarchs of the islands, and who certainly knows more

gent." He completely revolutionised the whole aspect of the place, one of his first acts being to introduce compulsory education, and we could mention at least one man now living who received, as a boy, a severe thrashing from the Governor's own hands for playing truant. The Scillonians, who, apparently, cared little for hard work, did not at all appreciate the restless energy of the late Governor, but that energy and foresight have, in the end, proved the salvation of the place. For over half a century Scilly has enjoyed an almost unbroken period of prosperity, and, as one industry has declined, or actually failed, another



PACKING CUT FLOWERS FOR SHIPPING.

has stepped in almost immediately to fill the gap. For many years the potato almost monopolised every square yard of cultivatable ground; they were planted in November or December, and the crop was usually ripe early in May. But the Scillonians were unable to compete with the growers in the Channel Islands; their climate was equal, and their soil, if anything, superior to those of their rivals, but the exceedingly heavy freightage rates from Scilly to Penzance, in addition to those from the mainland to London and the Northern markets, completely knocked this industry on the head. So completely, indeed, is potato-growing obsolete, that the natives have to import their supplies from the mainland, and the indispensable *Solanum tuberosum*—as a living organism—is as rare there as the Cornish chough.

When potato-growing began to decline, a few of the more wide-awake and enterprising cultivators began to experiment with flowers. The light, sandy soil of the islands is all that could be desired for the cultivation of outdoor flowers, such as those imported by the million from Holland. The first lot of cut flowers was sent to Covent Garden as an experiment by Mr. Allen, the father of the Governor's steward, who received one pound for the consignment. This must have been about thirty years ago, and since then the movement has never looked back. The average of the exports of the past four years is placed



LILIES.

about the subject than any other living individual. The islands have passed through many changes—wars, revolutions, and so forth—and were at their lowest extremity in 1828, when the chief supports of the islands, smuggling and kelp-making, were destroyed, and the inhabitants in a condition bordering on starvation. The modern history of the islands begins with the advent of the late Mr. Augustus Smith, who succeeded the Duke of Leeds as Lord Proprietor in 1831.

Mr. Augustus Smith was what the cabman described as "a arbitrary



DAFFODIL-GATHERING.

at something like four hundred tons per season; and, as the season is only of about three months' duration, it will be readily understood that the trade has grown to gigantic proportions. Everybody grows flowers, chiefly narcissi, in the islands, and the names of the varieties run as glibly off the tongue of the Scillonian school-boy as of the most hardened botanist of Kew. In all, close on a hundred sorts are either grown or experimented with, but the bulk of the exports is obtained from about half-a-dozen sorts.

Two or three of the varieties most widely cultivated are said to be indigenous to Scilly. But some botanists, who are never comfortable unless they are proving that some generally accepted theory is all wrong, argue that they must have been introduced, if not by the Phœnicians, then by some of the soldiers who formed part of the garrison when, as during the war with France at the end of the last and beginning of the present century, the place was regarded as an important stronghold. How the narcissi got there it matters little; they were there when the natives began to contemplate flower-growing as a profitable industry. They were to be found by the hundred all over St. Mary's, and had become a plague to some of the farmers. One or two of the more adventurous begged the privilege of relieving their neighbours of the "daffs," and the permission appears to have been given with alacrity—very few people object to giving away things which are a positive nuisance to them. Within a very short period there was not a wild daffodil to be seen. The experiment of the few had proved highly successful and remunerative, and others gradually joined in the trade. But the bulbs were no longer to be had for the asking, and to purchase them in large quantities involved a serious outlay of capital. An acre of land swallows up quite half a million of roots, and, as the cheapest sorts are (or were) about two pounds per thousand, the investment is one into which every grower cannot plunge without serious consideration. But *il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte*: once planted in suitable soil, the crop is a *perpétual* source of increase, both in the matter of flowers and bulbs. Crops like potatoes and broccoli need not only fresh seed every season, but involve a serious annual expense in the matter of manuring. Given a suitable soil, the narcissus requires little or no attention, except being kept free from weeds. The narcissi-beds are lifted, and the bulbs sorted once in three years, and during this time the parent bulb has produced three or four fully developed offspring. In three years, therefore, a single acre is increased to three times that space, to say nothing of each annual supply of cut flowers. The growth of the trade at Scilly has practically ruined the importation of bulbs of this popular race of spring flowers from Holland.

The supply of flowers is regulated by the season, but the buds begin to show in mild weather as early as October or November. During the winter months, so soon as the buds commence to burst the spikes are carefully cut off and taken indoors, where they are forced by gentle heat into flower. This means a certain gain of a day or two, in any case, and obviates the ill-effects of a sudden change in the weather out of doors. When the flowers are fully expanded, the spikes are tied in dozens, and packed very tightly in boxes, and at once sent off to market. These bunches produce from threepence to three shillings for the grower, according to the state of the market. In severe winters prices invariably rule high, and the London and Northern markets can take any quantity of flowers; in a mild winter like the last the supply almost exceeds the demand, while the "returns" are uniformly low. Striking an average from a very good season and a very indifferent one, there can be little doubt of the fact that narcissi-growing at Scilly is a very profitable concern.

W. R.

MR. BLISS CARMAN.

Mr. Carman, though he has spent the last ten years mostly in the States, is by birth a Canadian. His mother's maiden name was Bliss, and her family was connected with that of Emerson. Settled in America before the Declaration of Independence, Mr. Bliss Carman's ancestors did not delight in the breach with Britain. They made one of the forty thousand

families who crossed the frontier into Canada—some of them to found New Brunswick, in which province Mr. Bliss Carman himself was born in 1861. There he graduated, before coming over here, at the age of twenty-one, for a year's study in Edinburgh—a city which delighted him by its situation and traditions, though not by the grey inclemency of its winter. Very much of a cosmopolitan, Mr. Bliss Carman was shortly afterwards to be found in New York, working on the *Independent* there, and then in Boston, and often in Washington in the winter. To Nova Scotia he flits in the heat of summer.

Mr. Bliss Carman lives up to his name, which is somehow suggestive of the happy singer. Even his initials seem to be written across some of his verses, so frankly pagan are they in their aspect. They are "B.C." and they take no count of the worship of sorrow or the rule of discipline. Most delicately winged is the muse of this young poet. Everyone remembers Robert Louis Stevenson's lament that there is a ditty yet unsung, the invitation of every road to him who looks along it. Mr. Bliss Carman has come near to writing that ditty. He has come near to it in

subject, that is; for he is one with it in spirit. It is thus he sings "The Joys of the Road"—

The outward eye, the quiet will,
And the striding heart from hill
to hill;

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day
go through;—

Another to sleep with, and a third
To wake me up at the voice of
a bird;

With only another league to
wend,
And two brown arms at the
journey's end.

Equally a classic of its
kind is the poignantly fanciful
piece entitled "In the House
of Idiedaily"—

Oh, but life went gayly, gayly,
In the house of Idiedaily.

There were always throats to sing
Down the river-banks with
spring,

When the stir of heart's desire
Set the sapling's heart on fire;
And the twilight came to cover
Every unreluctant lover.

Not a night but some brown
maiden
Bettered all the dusk she strayed
in,

While the roses in her hair
Bankrupted oblivion there.

Oh, but life went gayly, gayly,
In the house of Idiedaily.

These are only fragments
of two poems by Mr. Bliss
Carman, from the little
volume of "Songs from
Vagabondia" which he and
Mr. Richard Hovey produced
together. He divides with
none the honours of the
subsequent volume, "Behind
the Arras." American maga-
zines have no better fill-ups
(since poetry is used so
despitefully) than verses of
his. This is the view of one
to whom the poetry of a
paper or a magazine is its

chief attraction. Nor will either the memory or the publishers permit
Mr. Bliss Carman's verses to go the way of all magazines. They, too, are
roses which have bankrupted oblivion. Beautiful are the lines he has
composed for the Robert Louis Stevenson Fountain at San Francisco, and
his present visit to England has been marked by publication of a set of
verses in the *Athenæum*. Simultaneously the *Chapbook* has produced his
"St. Kavin," of which one verse seems almost to fit its author in London—

But even there he felt despair:
For happiness is only
The hope of doing something else
And he was very lonely.

At any rate, he spent only a fortnight in town; then he fled, deaf to the
invitations of men and matrons, and unmoved by the honorary membership
of the Savile Club, which is of a month's duration. He does not
go, however, without making some pretty speeches about the pleasant
simplicity of English manners, and without an assurance, consoling to our
national vanity, that the New York merchant commonly pictured to us
as 'bussing to business with Matthew Arnold in one pocket and Andrew
Lang in the other is—a myth. As a myth, however, he will not, I hope,
be wholly distasteful to Mr. Andrew Lang.

WILFRID MEYNELL.



MR. BLISS CARMAN.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

NEW ASCOT.

It was on a lovely afternoon a week ago that I called upon and was received with the utmost courtesy by Major R. A. Clement, the energetic manager of the Ascot race-meetings. He was very busy, of course, the great week being so close at hand; nevertheless, like most really busy people, he managed to spare a few minutes. Ever since Lord Erroll laid the foundation-stone of the original Grand Stand, he said, an event which took place on Jan. 16, 1839, the stand had been repeatedly added to—so much so, indeed, that now the original Grand Stand has sunk almost into insignificance, owing to the numerous and well-arranged stands built alongside it and the splendidly appointed stables and buildings erected at the back of them. But visitors to Ascot this year will be struck chiefly on seeing the improvements made during the last six or eight months. To begin with, the entrance from the high road, near the railway station, has been altered, and an improved sort of asphalte has been laid down within the gates. Then, the hotel, where for nearly fifty years that interesting and sporting old character "Dick" Morton presided over the "public pull-down," as he himself was wont to

hangs about the intervening valleys; while to the right, in striking contrast, we make out a block of heavy-looking buildings: another grand stand? No, the buildings constituting the Woking Lunatic Asylum. Though the stretch of land rented by the race committee looks comparatively narrow when observed from this height, in reality it covers an area of two hundred acres or so.

Slight alterations will also be made in the general arrangements this year. Luncheon will no longer be served on the lawn, for instance. This change is absolutely needed now that so many more persons patronise Ascot than were wont to in days gone by. The visitors themselves, as a rule, give comparatively little if any trouble, but their servants are apt to be tiresome. A large yard, capable of accommodating some sixty carriages, has, therefore, been provided close at hand. Naturally, visitors will be served with luncheon upstairs, as usual. A slight change has been made with regard to the band-stand, which has been rebuilt, and is now more under shelter of the trees, a position better suited for sound and preferred by the band itself. And here it may be well to mention that among the strict regulations of the management is one ordaining that under no conditions whatsoever are cycles at any time allowed on the course, or on any part of the land leased by the



ASCOT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY R. GIBBS, KINGSLAND ROAD, N.

call the bar department, has now itself been pulled down, and in its place there stands a solid red-brick building, erected by the trustees to a great extent for the accommodation of employés obliged to sleep upon the premises during the Race Week. The main improvement, however, is the clock-tower. Rising many feet above the roof of the highest stand, it gives to the entire place a "finished" appearance long needed. The cost of building this tower was very great, but, the suggestion having been made that such a tower would, besides being very useful, add greatly to the attractions of Ascot, the trustees quickly decided to erect one. Seen from a short distance, this tower, a four-sided one, has exactly the appearance of being constructed of Bath stone. In reality it is built of white brick. It has a large, clearly outlined black dial on every side, the face itself being, of course, white, and four bells to chime the quarters, besides a large, deep-toned bell to strike the hours. The clock itself was made by Joyce, of Whitchurch, while the bells came from the Barwell foundry in Birmingham. Looking straight across the course from the top of the tower on a clear day, the hills and woods of Cliveden can be distinctly seen far away against the sky-line, and many miles beyond Windsor Forest, which from here seems to unfold itself only a little way beyond the racecourse. Windsor Castle stands rather more to the right than Cliveden, but, being situated in a hollow, it is invisible. In the opposite direction—namely, from the back of the clock-tower—the outline of Epsom Grand Stand may be discerned when the atmosphere is free from the drifting blue haze that so often

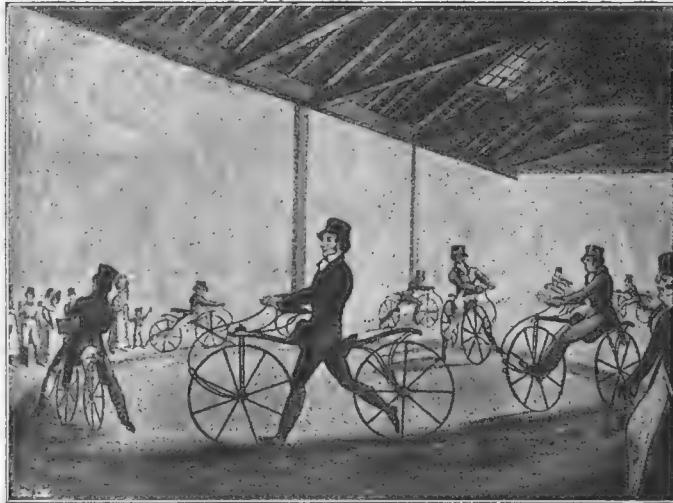
Master of the Buckhounds. Many persons are ignorant of this fact, and, therefore, liable to get themselves into trouble. On the occasion of my visit to Ascot the ground was terribly hard, and the sharp east wind blowing across the common seemed likely to make it harder still. As Major Clement said, a week's heavy rain would do it all the good in the world, for the surface of the course had become literally baked by sun, and when in that state a few showers tend merely to make the turf slippery. So much, then, for the recent improvements. Ascot has long been one of the pleasantest and best-managed race-meetings in England; the stands, stabling, and accommodation have now been brought to perfection. On leaving the enclosure I inquired at the local hostelry for "Dick" Morton, already referred to. "He has gone to live near Windsor," the landlord replied mournfully. "Everybody liked Dick," he added presently, "and all regular racegoers knew him well. He could tell you some good stories about Ascot if he were here, could Dick," he continued. "He used to plate the racehorses for Ben Land, Sam Death, Bill Scott, and others, many and many years ago, and he has the plates by him now which his father put on the winner of the Gold Cup here in 1829. Some of the cream of the racegoers stayed at his house, and he always did his best for them." It was disappointing not to see the cheery old sportsman again, and no doubt my informant would himself have retailed to me many of Morton's ancient and interesting records and anecdotes had not the train at that moment signalled its approach and my departure.

B. T.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

The Hospital Saturday Fund Sports in aid of the Medical Charities of London will take place at Wood Green Track, Wood Green, on Saturday, under the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of York, the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs of the City of London, Sir Horace and Lady Farquhar, and Lord and Lady Battersea. Particulars concerning the cycling may be obtained from Mr. A. S. Watson, 59, Farringdon Road, E.C.

Cycle clubs spring up like mushrooms, but they are not new-fangled institutions, as you will see from the accompanying old print. The cycle of to-day is not a creation, but a product of evolution, its fathers and



JOHNSON'S PEDESTRIAN HOBBY-HORSE RIDING-SCHOOL.

grandfathers being the dandy-horse of 1800 (or thereabouts) and the hobby-horse of 1819. As early as 1774 a patent was taken out for a kind of gig or "sociable" to carry two, worked with the feet on the modern cycle principle; but this, for some reason, did not become popular, and both the dandy-horse and the hobby-horse were propelled by the feet touching the ground at will on each side of the saddle.

A correspondent asks me earnestly to warn ladies not to wear cycling-skirts with silk foundations. "The silk foundation cannot withstand the friction," writes this fair but unfortunate cyclist. "My skirt was in perfect condition when I started, but suddenly my left foot was dragged off the pedal, and before I knew what had happened I was pitched to the bottom of the bank, and have sustained most serious injuries to my shins. Though it is just a month since my fall, I have not yet been able to put my foot to the ground, and it will, I fear, be a long time before I am able to ride again. This is the second accident that I have had owing to a silk foundation."

According to the New York *Journal*, the latest form of cycling diversion is the "bicycle ghost-party"—

Much of the success of the party depends on the story-teller of the evening. He must be a young person with the ability to tell legends regarding ghosts calculated to make the blood run cold, the heart palpitate, and the hair stand straight on end. The guests and hostess wheel away to some secluded graveyard just about the time twilight is darkening into night, and here, amid the tombs of unknown folk, the tales of spooks will be told in voices fitted to the occasion.

It is said to be "a most delightful form of entertainment."

Truly our transatlantic cousins are becoming fastidiously conventional. We have heard of young ladies in Boston so modest as to refuse to hear *bare* statements; and now, says an American newspaper, it will be possible for these ultra-refined young women to cycle without displaying even their feet. It appears that "dainty feet and ankles flashing in and out of skirts have proved an irresistible attraction for many that will in future be denied if the Cherry Screen becomes popular. Many modest young women have hitherto refrained from riding because the cycling-skirt must be short, and these girls object to exposing even the extremities of their nether limbs. Now, the Cherry Screen, named after its inventor, Theron R. Cherry, of Buckhannon, W. Va., resembles half an umbrella. Two of these screens are attached to the front or head of the lady's bicycle, one on either side, and they can be either folded up or unfolded and extended past the pedals. When unfolded they completely screen the feet and ankles from view while the rider is mounting or riding, also they then act as a wind-guard and prevent the skirts from being blown about the limbs."

When you look at this picture of the paterfamilias and his household gods you will not be surprised to learn that it hails from Buffalo, N.Y. This gentleman and his four boys frequently ride as much as ten miles a-day into the country round Buffalo, the total weight carried being 400 lb. I expect to see the nurses in Hyde Park at the same game before long.

The country round Durham is certainly very lovely, but I cannot say that the roads are ideal roads for cyclists. The immense length of the hills is their drawback, though, of course, there is always the other side, and the descents are splendid. Yet these are very quickly over,

whereas the ascents are extremely wearisome. Another drawback to cyclists is that none of the country people seem to know the way to any place past the next village, nor do the sign-posts appear to concern themselves with anything beyond it. This is all very well for the natives, but for strangers it is most trying. A friend told me he had cycled from Durham to Tanchester, a distance of about eight miles, which took him rather more than two and a-half hours on a fairly good road, then from Tanchester to Ebchester from 12 o'clock to 1.30; but from Tanchester to Leadgate it certainly took him fully three-quarters of an hour, a distance that cyclists mark as being only three miles. He told me that the worst hill of all, between Ebchester and Riding Mill, by Watling Street, took him fully two and a-half hours. On the whole, however, he confessed to having had a most charming expedition, in spite of the hills and Watling Street at the end, and the road from Riding Mill to Hexham was decidedly good.

I cannot help thinking that there is one event that certainly merits much more notice than it has had; and that is the fact of over thirty miles being done in one hour; it certainly forms one of the milestones of the cycling-path. This feat was accomplished by Tom Linton.

I hear of a new tyre—in fact, I have seen it. It is the one about which there have been rumours in Paris for two or three weeks. I must not give even a hint as to its nature, for all the patents have not yet been arranged. Only let me say that two of our chief professional bicyclists tried a machine fitted with it, and that both (neither of them knew the secret of the thing) declared it to be the best tyre within their knowledge.

Prince Charles of Denmark and his intended are almost daily to be seen riding together in the Marlborough House grounds. I have seldom seen two better riders; they sit so gracefully, and have such thorough command over their machines.

A-WHEELING.

Have you never felt the fever of the twirling, whirling wheel,
Of the guiding and resisting of the shining cranks of steel?

Never felt your senses reel

In the glamour and the gladness of the misty morning sky,
As the white road rushes towards you, as the dew-bathed banks slip by,
And the larks are soaring high?

Never known the boundless buoyance of the billowy, breezy hills,
Of the pine scents all around you, and the running, rippling rills,
Chasing memory of Life's ills—

Dashing, flashing through the sunshine, by the windy wold and plain,
The distant blue heights luring, onward, upward, to the strain
Of the whirling wheels' refrain?

Fled from prison, like a prisoner, sped the turning, spurning wheel,
Changed the city's stir and struggling, jar and vexing, none can heal,
For the peace the fields reveal,
And with spirit separate, straining above the town's low reach,
Found a tender satisfaction, which the steadfast summits teach?

In their silence—fullest speech.

Never known the wistful wand'ring back, in pleasurable pain?
Met the kine, from milking sauntering to pastures sweet again,
Straggling up the wide-marged lane?
You have never felt the gladness, nor the glory of the dream
That exalts, as tired eyes linger still on sunset, mead, and stream?
Haste, then! Taste that bliss supreme.—E. S. C.



A FAMILY AFFAIR.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

The time is approaching when the Selection Committee of the M.C.C. will find it incumbent upon them to pick eleven good men and true to do battle for England against Australia. I know of no event in the sporting year which will appeal to all classes with such directness. Patriotism is very strong in this country at present, and, as by this time we know the Australians to be worthy of our steel, so to speak, Lord's will probably be unable to accommodate all those who will clamour for admission on the all-important June 22.

There has probably never been a season here in which so many first-class men have by their performances justified their claims to places in the eleven. It is unfortunate for England that only eleven men can be played. Players very little if any worse, or rather, little less capable, than the first pick are bound to be rejected, and in greatest degree will be the trouble in regard to the wicket-keeper.

I must confess that I am glad I have not the selection of the England team as my task. I would stumble at the first obstacle. Three years ago, when the Australians were last here, Mr. Gregor McGregor, the popular Middlesex amateur, was the honoured player. Mr. McGregor has not deteriorated to any extent, but others have come on to dispute the choice of the old Cambridge captain.

One of the reasons for the picking of Mr. McGregor as wicket-keeper was his ability with the bat. In these days few counties can afford to play wicket-keepers who cannot run up a score on occasion. I remember Mr. McGregor as one of the most perfect batsmen ever turned out by a University, and though there are Storer and Lilley, of Derbyshire and Warwickshire respectively, either of whom is a splendid man, I think I would still pin my faith—for the first match at least—to the amateur. As an alternative, Lilley.

Now let us turn to the rest of the team. The certainties must be taken first. Dr. Grace needs no bush. His place is assured for him. An England team without him would be no England team, not merely in the matter of sentiment, but because there is still no other batsman the better to be trusted.

Robert Abel must go in with "W. G." Here we have safety personified. No batsman has displayed parallel form this season, and certainly no batsman is less likely to funk. Abel always plays one game whatever the circumstances. He is always dogged, steady, and patient. He will take the place of Shrewsbury.

It has been absurdly suggested that Prince Ranjitsinhji's selection is doubtful—for the reason that he is an Indian. One might just as illogically argue that Mr. McGregor cannot play because he is a Scotsman. So long as a player does not play against the country of his birth there is no necessity to cavil.

Ranjitsinhji then comes in, and there should be no doubt as to the inclusion of Mr. Stoddart. Thus we have Dr. Grace, Abel, Mr. Stoddart, Prince Ranjitsinhji, and Mr. G. McGregor. That is something to go on with in regard to batting, but there is practically no bowling there.

To begin with, Richardson, the Surrey torpedo, brooks no question. A fast bowler we must have, and there is no necessity to look farther, because we do not require more than one. So Mold must stand down for the time being. Richardson, however, cannot bat—at any rate, he is not a scientific bat—and so we cannot afford to play another bowler of the kind.

After Richardson, Peel. The pair go hand-in-hand. They went hand-in-hand in Australia for Mr. Stoddart's team, and a more dangerous pair could scarcely be thought of. Peel, of course, can bat as well as he can bowl; and Mr. F. S. Jackson, even if he is only a change, is as brilliant a bat as can be found. That gives eight places. T. Hayward, of Surrey, a grand all-round man, cannot be overlooked, and, as Brown has played himself into form, his place must be certain. Thus there is but one place left to fill, and I am not certain whether it should be a batsman or a bowler. I think the bowling is strong enough, but I should leave this place to be fought by Gunn, Shrewsbury, Lohmann, and Mr. A. C. MacLaren. Much must depend upon circumstances.

Let us meanwhile turn to current matters. The match between Surrey and Yorkshire at Bradford just concluded notwithstanding, the County Championship is by no means a certainty for either of those counties. Of

course, they have a big lead over all other competitors, but a very great deal may happen before the end of the season.

To-morrow Surrey will be at home to Hampshire—a nice, pleasant little match, which the champions ought to win with fair ease. Warwickshire will be at home to Lancashire, and will probably lose; and Essex can expect no mercy from Yorkshire at Bradford; though they won last season. The Australians play the M.C.C.—a very big match indeed—and then, on Monday next, meet Yorkshire for the second time. I rather fancy the Tykes will render a very different account of themselves here. Surrey ought to win easily at Leicester, Notts should beat Derbyshire "for Chatterton's benefit," Somerset may beat Hampshire, and Kent will fall before Middlesex. At Lord's Warwickshire should conquer the M.C.C.

LAWN TENNIS.

The Lawn-Tennis Week at Dublin has met with peculiar success this year, and English people, who are seldom attracted in any large numbers to a public exhibition of the game, would have opened their eyes in amazement to see the consistently large gatherings which marked the Irish carnival. The international events between England and Ireland were, of course, interesting in their way, but the son of Erin derived little consolation from the results when one bears in mind that the Rose bloomed triumphantly both in the Singles and the Doubles. In the Singles, England won five events out of six, W. V. Eaves being the only one of our representatives who failed, in his game with H. S. Mahony, while in the Doubles England again showed the way by winning five events to four. The Irish Championships naturally appealed to the Dublin citizen with more force, and although R. F. Clifford, the new Dublin University champion, could not beat Eaves in the third round of the All-Comers' Singles, he played a very fine defensive and aggressive game. Mahony beat Eaves, however, and in the final W. Baddeley came out the winner by three sets to one. In the All-Comers' Doubles the brothers Baddeley again came off with the honours. Miss Martin (Dublin) won the Ladies' Singles, while the Doubles fell to Mrs. Pickering and Miss Dyas. The Fitzwilliam Purse, a consolation prize, went this year to E. R. Allen, and the Fitzwilliam Plate to S. L. Fry. The weather proved magnificently fine during the whole week, and at the opening ceremony Lord and Lady Roberts were present to see the Shamrock crushed.

The Baden-Baden International Lawn-Tennis Club is arranging an Open Lawn-Tennis Tournament, to begin on Aug. 31, the day after the close of the International Race Week, on its spacious and well-managed grounds in the Lichtenthaler Allee.

FOOTBALL.

This is scarcely the season at which we look for football news, but a speech made at the meeting of the Ilford Club deserves a few words of comment. Ilford, it may be remembered, failed lamentably in the Southern League, losing every match, and, as a consequence, were knocked out of the tournament in a test match.

In proposing success to the Ilford Club, Mr. B. Bailey, the chairman, said, "The time had now come, apart from the force of circumstances,



THE FITZWILLIAM LAWN-TENNIS CARNIVAL.

Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

when they had to choose whether they should not quit the Southern League, a band of professionalism and licensed ruffianism. The more fouls they made in winning a match the more joyful they seemed over it."

I reproduce these remarks, not because they serve any good purpose, but because, I regret to say, they are, to some extent, founded on fact. Of course, I do not suggest that the Southern League is actually a "band of ruffians." What I do say is that the Southern League, in addition to having improved Southern football, has introduced much that we could have done well without. If proficiency as it is gained in the provinces is only to be got by the methods lately introduced in London, then, for goodness' sake, let us not rise above mediocrity!

AQUATICS.

I am informed, on the best authority, that Bubear, Haines, Wingate, and Barry, the famous English champion four, have decided to enter for the International Regatta, fixed for July, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. The executive of the regatta have tendered three hundred dollars in the way of expenses. The crew will probably leave England on July 4.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Major Clement, who presides over the Ascot course, has everything in apple-pie order for the Royal Meeting, which takes place next week. The course is not by any means bad going, and I hope the sport will be quite up to the average. As Victor Wild is in such fine form just now, he is very likely to win the Gold Cup, and I am told Jewitt's selected will be dangerous for the Royal Hunt Cup. Unfortunately, a poor acceptance has been received for the Ascot Stakes, in my opinion the most interesting event on the programme. It is expected that the prize will go to the Earl of Durham by the aid of Son o' Mine, whose form in the Cesarewitch was puzzling in the extreme.

Mr. John Porter's new book is very well done, and much credit is due to Mr. Byron Webber, a well-known journalist, who edited the work. It must not be forgotten that it was owing to the purchases made by John Porter that the Prince of Wales owns such good racehorses as he does to-day, and his Royal Highness is very fond of his old trainer. I am glad to hear, by-the-bye, that the Kingsclere horses are gradually training into form, and I am told this stable will be dangerous at Ascot and at Goodwood, two favourite hunting-grounds of John Porter.

Welshing is now prevalent in Tattersall's Ring. Some of the little bookies pay when they are able, but when luck deserts them they ask time of their customers, and in one or two instances, when refusals have been hinted at, they simply declined point-blank to pay at all. Seeing that at the majority of the meetings one pound per day is charged for admission to Tattersall's enclosure, Clerks of Courses should be compelled to keep the ring free of sharps, and, if the ring-keepers at present employed are not strong enough to do this, assistance should be given them. There are obvious reasons why some men who have been welshed will not take up cases on public grounds, but there is no reason why racecourse officials should not act, and that quickly, too.

It is rather late in the day to refer to the Derby, but it is necessary to discuss its bearing on future events. I stood close to the judge's box to see the finish, and, in my opinion, Persimmon won with quite five pounds in hand. It was a clear, not to say an easy, win. The Prince's horse can be made a few pounds faster by the time the St. Leger comes to be run, and I certainly think he will beat St. Frusquin at Doncaster much more easily than he did at Epsom, and I can see nothing at present that is likely to stop his victorious career. The Prince of Wales acted wisely in allowing his champion to miss the Guineas.

As Mr. Walter Forbes has gone abroad, I am informed that Mr. Dundas, younger brother of Lord Zetland, is the new Clerk of the Course at Goodwood. The going on the dual track is always sound, and sport this year should be quite up to last year's average. The programme, however, might well be strengthened by doing away with the unpopular biennials and triennials, and substituting handicaps at seven furlongs and a mile. No form of racing is more popular than handicaps, as they generally provoke plenty of speculation, and at Goodwood, where the going is always sound, large fields could be counted upon, as witness the Stewards' Cup.

The Lingfield Meeting has caught on, and I predict a big future for this popular little enclosure. Sir Allan Sarle has decided to spend ten thousand pounds in improving the railway lines to the course, and Club members may yet be able to leave Victoria at 1 p.m. and get to Lingfield in time for the big race. Mr. J. B. Leigh has displayed great enterprise in the management of the course, and he has been ably assisted in the work by Mr. Fowler. One suggestion I have to make is that Tattersall's enclosure be kept free from welshers.

As John Watts is putting on flesh so fast, he may have to retire from the saddle before very long. Watts has to resort to Turkish baths and long walks to keep his weight down, and he has to be very careful as to what he eats and drinks. As a matter of fact, he even takes his own champagne to the meetings with him. Watts must be a rich man, as he has ridden many of the best winners for several of the most wealthy owners. He lives in a fine mansion facing the course, on the Cambridge Hill, at Newmarket. Watts hunts a great deal. He is not a brilliant conversationalist, but has his head screwed on the right way.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

"Peace hath her victories, not less renown'd than war," the familiar quotation runs; and we are constantly being reminded that peace has its slaughters and massacres, not less aimless and cruel than those of war—in fact, more so, seeing that they fall, for the most part, on unarmed non-combatants, on the weak woman and helpless child, not on the strong man who is content to risk his life. The death-roll of the late Moscow disaster equals that of many a decisive and important battle, though the merely wounded are few in proportion to the dead. And all because a kindly Autocrat desired to give his poorer subjects a taste of Coronation festivities, and the peasants flocked too eagerly to take his gifts. What malice of plotting enemies could have contrived so frightful a disaster as the mere kindness of men has brought about?

It is easy to be wise after the event, and to point out that the booths from which the distribution of gifts was to be made should have been scattered widely over the plain, so that no general rush could arise in any one direction. It is easy to show that inequalities in the ground near the buildings were bound to be death-traps to a moving crowd, unable to see where its feet were treading. Probably an experienced man with sound common sense could have foreseen the dangers and remedied them; but such men are rare in the official worlds of all countries. Apparently, the problem of getting the members of the crowd who had received their gifts to make way for the unserved multitude behind had never entered the minds of those responsible for the arrangements. It is much the same problem that arises in a smaller form at refreshment-rooms during the intervals of races or popular cricket matches, and I do not recollect any steps being taken to solve it there. Year by year the same stifling squash occurs when Oxford and Cambridge are trying conclusions at Lord's. Year by year also are members of the two Universities practically excluded to leave room for a society picnic.

Doubtless from the Russian disaster may be drawn the inference that the masses in that country are far from ripe for self-government and constitutional liberty. And, indeed, it seems over-soon to give votes to those in whom the present of sausages and sweets and commemorative mugs causes a mad and destructive rush. But the crowds of more civilised countries can go mad just as much—whether with or without the vote. Nay, even at the polling-booths, do we not see, every few years, our thousands of voters march up in hopes to achieve acres of cloudland, chimerical cows, or other visions of a promised Paradise? They do not throng each other to death, it is true; but if, instead of vague and future benefits, they were confronted with actual sausage, would they not crush together like the most mindless of *moujiks*?

Only, when the masses rush to a set of booths to scribble senseless marks opposite the names of unknown people, and put in motion an incomprehensible and absurd machinery for setting six hundred-odd persons to talk in an unhealthy hall about meaningless formulas, wherein are they better—except as to loss of life—than the poor Russian peasants? The aim of the latter was good and sound and rational; sausage and bread and sweets are desirable, so are mugs and emblematic handkerchiefs. Good, also, are mead and kvass without stint, in hot weather. Only the methods of the Muscovites were wrong and crude. But the voting panic of the self-governing mob of electors may easily result in danger to more than themselves. Their mistakes may fling away many lives of other men, and wealth enough to enrich every sufferer from the Moscow catastrophe.

Even the most persistent and uncompromising of democrats have their moments when *Vox Populi* seems far from *Vox Dei*, if not its absolute antipodes. "The People" is to them an abstraction, which in might and majesty and vastness represents the population at large, but in views merely their own section. We are often told that "the People" will not have certain measures that the elected representatives of "the People" are promoting without any protest from their electors. "The People" will not, or, at least, must not, have the present Education Bill, and if, say, ten per cent. of the House of Commons can block the Bill by sitting up all night, the Bill shall never be an Act. Yet the second reading was carried by a majority almost unexampled in the history of Parliament since the First Reform Bill.

The Education Bill may be bad in itself, but it is singular that a mere fraction of the representatives of "the People" should deliberately and avowedly set itself to prevent "the People" from having what, by its duly accredited representatives, "the People" has asked for most decidedly. If each side in turn is to go in for reckless obstruction when it happens to be in a minority, then we shall be having a certain succession of constitutionally disguised civil wars. The Southerners in the American Civil War refused to accept the verdict of the majority in favour of Abraham Lincoln and the restriction of slavery. Had the laws that threatened their predominance been yet unpassed, they would have obstructed desperately; as these laws already existed, they could only escape by secession and war. But the principle remains the same; when the majority is against us we all alike refuse to admit its authority, and resist, whether by all-night sitting or all-day shooting—the question of methods is immaterial.

MARMITON.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS OF THE FLYING HOUR.

August in June and everyone panting even in Park chairs has been our melting condition for the last week. Cheerfully minded financiers tell me, indeed, that real summer weather deferred itself until the revival in the Kaffir Circus—a condition I am not unwilling to accept, having some infinitesimal interests in some problematical mines, which now, one humbly hopes, may begin to reassert themselves. Meanwhile, the hot weather is here, and with it deep thankfulness from the possessors of pretty blouses and muslin gowns, though how those late virgins will fare who are still in a state of unpreparedness for our lagging summer who can say? All the dressmakers are stitching against time, and foulard and cambric are monarchs of the moment.

At Graham's, in Mount Street, which is the very fount and source of summer chiffons (they have practically originated the blouse), I have seen devices most delightful in the airy finery of Park frocks, whether in such simple method as is appropriate to a morning stroll, or the highly elaborated *broderie* of afternoon

occasions. There was a pink muslin, for instance, most daintily striped and spotted with white, having a cambric chemisette of deliciously fine stitchery and embroidery covering the front, with sleeve-trimmings and a single flounce round the skirt to correspond. A *chic* arrangement in blue-and-green shot canvas is reproduced on this page, although a sketch, however excellent, necessarily fails to convey its charming art of colour. The vest, of soft yellow accordion-pleated silk, is partially veiled with *écrù* guipure; and a pointed basque appears, with corresponding points on the bodice, which are decked with old *Sèvres* buttons and give wonderful style to the figure. Among gorgeous theatre and indoor blouses I was more than ordinarily subjugated by one in a Louis Quinze brocade, all stripes and "sprigs" of tiny blossom, which was made on the square zouave fashion, and with the quaintest sleeves and vest, formed entirely of yellow Valenciennes, in row on row of tiny gathered frills. Bows of broad yellow ribbon sat daintily on the shoulders, and formed an enticing adjunct to the waist-belt of the same material.

As to grass-lawn, which at the moment occupies such a foremost place in the feminine regards, Graham's show it made up under so many disguises of lace, ribbon, or embroidery that the original severity of its twine colour is improved away, and, in fact, glorified into a thing of absolute beauty. I have always held a private opinion that grass-lawn is ugly. So it is in itself; but, as a background for judicious decoration, I am now bound to admit its resources. One gown made of it at 129, Mount Street, was very skilfully split up into bias bands with insertion of cream lace, through which narrow *bébé* ribbons of blue and mauve were run. Another grass-lawn frock was embroidered with white and the bodice trimmed with frills and bands of Valenciennes insertion.

Finely woven flannels, with pin-stripes of black and colours, are employed by Graham with great effect for

boating-dresses, and are made from five guineas upwards. A modest sum truly for the style and finish it can command at their experienced hands, the firm having been in favoured existence for the last half-century. Part of Princess Maud's forthcoming trousseau has been already ordered from them, though it is not admissible to dilate at this early stage on the lovelinesses in lingerie now in process.

Talking of trousseaux tempts me to mention one of the prettiest weddings of the season, which took place on Tuesday at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, the bride being Miss Amy Wells, of Brookside, Crawley, and the bridegroom Mr. Arthur Speer, of 13, Park Crescent. The church was quite a bower of tropical greenery, which made an admirable background for the gaily dressed guests. Seven pretty bridesmaids followed Miss Wells to the altar; their gowns, of the new velours moiré, ivory colour, lined with rose-pink silk, made a charming effect in conjunction with Gainsborough hats of ivory satin straw, with nodding plumes to match, and a *cache-peigne* of pink roses. Their bouquets, done by Mrs. Green, deserved a medal for originality. A fan-shaped lattice-work of rose twigs, with thorns in picturesquely but not aggressive evidence, was built up at each side with *La France* roses and lilies-of-the-valley. Mrs. Green did all the bouquets, and they were many, the bride's being particularly lovely—a mass of white exotics and feathery foliage. Miss Wells's wedding-dress was ivory satin, the gathered front of chiffon showing off a beautiful pearl garniture, which Madame Beddoes, of Henrietta Street, had specially ordered in Paris for the occasion. Beddoes was also responsible, among the rest, for the going-away gown, a charming Louis XVI. arrangement in white mohair, lined with *ciel-blue* silk, gold embroidery of cord and paillette figuring effectively on the side-seams of skirt and vest of bodice. Mrs. Bird, of Emperor's Gate, kindly lent her house for the reception, a very smart affair both inside and out, quite one end of that triangular Square—to be very Irish—presenting a festive show of draped and flower-decked balconies, one or two adjacent houses having been pressed into decorative service for the function. Among many gay gowns, one worn by Mrs. Ernest Speer, of Sandown Lodge, deserves particular mention; the skirt a rich satin shot with heliotrope, lettuce-green, and grey, the bodice a Louis Quinze brocaded velvet to match, fitting admirably to her graceful figure. Mrs. Ernest Speer's small daughter Gladys made one of two sweet mites holding up the bride's train. Nor were their attendant cavaliers wanting, a pair of pretty boys in Louis Quatorze costumes of white brocade completing the *dramatis persona* of a most picturesque wedding.

All things permitting, the Duke and Duchess of York had promised to put in an appearance at Stafford House yesterday, and the concert and dramatic performance in aid of the Free Home for the Dying was consequently a conspicuously crowded occasion; for, low be it spoken, while charity appeals to some, curiosity excites all, and the chance of rubbing shoulders even thus remotely with royal personages is by many accounted well worth a golden guinea. Be that as it may, however, the concert, I am glad to say, was splendidly supported, as was only natural with such artists as Mdlle. Landi, Miss Ada Crossley, and Mr. Nicholl in the programme, and it is to be hoped this best of all charities will be further helped to its noble ends by the fortunate owners of sufficiently full purses.

Reverting to the eternal resources of the bicycle, I find that, amongst its many virtues, the one vice of exposure to the blinding sun and burning dust of the Queen's highway wrecks dire havoc on one's cherished complexion, and, if it did not convey the horrid idea of "puffing," which I consider the cardinal crime of modern journalism, I would recommend my poor, tanned,



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SKETCHED AT GRAHAM'S.]



[Copyright.
MISS AMY WELLS'S WEDDING-GOWN.]

sun-scorched, and otherwise afflicted readers to dab their faces all over with Rowlands' Kalydor before starting on journeys by road and river. Among a dozen invaluable specifics, I have found it the never-failing friend of such expeditions, and, however entirely adorable this best and last diversion, one really cannot afford to present a face and neck

scorched out of all resemblance for evening wear in the season.

To be at once patriotic and practical has generally presented such difficulties to politicians that often, in the effort to combine both, they have abandoned first one and next the other virtue. Here is, however, a well-intentioned company of silk-weavers in classic Ipswich giving a lead to our leaders in both primary virtues. To demonstrate, in fact, the superiority of English silk damask as a background for art needlework of all sorts, the English Silk-Weaving Company of this aforesaid ancient town have offered prizes to the value of sixty pounds for the best embroidery worked on the pure silk English damask of their own manufacture. Oct. 28 is the date of competition, so that the

industrious fair have ample time to try their skill in the soothing arts of the needle. Mr. Lewis Day, an authority on all subjects, speaking decoratively, will kindly act as judge, and painstaking Penelopes will, therefore, find their best efforts duly appraised and appreciated. Liberty's keep these Ipswich damasks, by the way, so that the foundations for competitive embroidery can be had, among other places, from them. In a recent number I had occasion to remark the extreme beauty of tone and texture in many of these native silks, which, as good Britons, I really think we ought to patronise more extensively. Perhaps some of our negligence arises from having good things so near at hand, for they are really cheaper, as well as more charming, than foreign silks in many cases. The argument might, indeed, here be used of a far-seeing cynic who vowed that, if oranges were half-a-crown each, we should esteem them the most delicious fruit that grows, so greatly do obstacles inflame our fickle fancy. Meanwhile, all particulars can be had from the English Silk-Weaving Company, Ipswich.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

BRIDESMAID.—Elise Kreutzer, of Holles Street, has excellent taste. You cannot do better than try her for the hats.

SYBIL.

DRESS AT THE PLAY.

When a critical London audience well accustomed to the splendours of stage attire is dazzled by Magda's dresses, one can guess something of the effect which they would be calculated to produce on the members of the narrow-minded, hopelessly commonplace German household—the stepmother, with her gown of black brocade and her satin-striped apron, whose idea of "dressing up" consists of the addition of a pink ribbon bow to her cap; the would-be superior aunt, in her fawn-coloured silk gown, with its lace and cherry-coloured ribbon trimming, which is so much more painful than the most severe simplicity; and lastly, the little sister, sleek-haired and demure in a nun-like dress of sober grey.

When Magda first re-enters her home she is wearing a cloak of ivory satin, which only gleams out rarely from the closely patterned design of velvet orchids in exquisite tones of mauve and yellow, with here and there a haunting suggestion of green, which becomes a beautiful reality in the satin lining. Sleeves there are none, but the long arm-holes are outlined with a bordering of silken rose-petals in palest pink and white, and this same most lovely trimming finishes the fronts of the cloak, while at the neck come triple frills of softest chiffon, where pale mauve and green and pink again make their harmonious appearance. The slight fulness of the back is held in at the waist by a great diamond butterfly, and there are flashing diamond clasps to fasten the cloak at the sides, while as a framework for Mrs. Campbell's lovely face there is a scarf of filmy silken gauze in the palest shade of mauve.



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MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL IN "MAGDA."

And this is only one aspect of her costume, for beneath this wonderful cloak is an equally wonderful gown in pale-yellow satin, with an embroidery of glittering golden passion-flowers outlining the skirt, and tapering upwards in high points at the sides, while single flowers shine out from the white softness of the bodice-front, which, with the back, is veiled with chiffon, the side-pieces alone being in the satin, embroidered with gold sequins, which take the form of a bow. At the waist and over the shoulders come bands of gold studded with diamonds, and the sleeves are merely airy scarves of chiffon, held in pleasant bondage by strings of real amethysts, chains of these same lovely stones being looped up in lavish profusion on the bodice and falling far down the skirt.

Can you imagine something of the effect of this gorgeous costume? If so, we can pass on to the second—less striking, but equally beautiful—which is of primrose-yellow satin, veiled with white, silken gauze, patterned with groups of line-stripes of satiny sheen, divided by endless tiny festoons of diminutive crimson roses and their attendant leaves. The bodice is outlined at the waist by some wonderful embroidery of Egyptian design—a marvel of exquisite colouring—and its soft fulness is held in by embroidered braces, while there are also most quaintly shaped zouaves, rounded in front and forming a crescent at the back, where the groundwork of the embroidery is almost hidden by a glittering design in gold. The last touch is given by transparent elbow-sleeves of the finest muslin, patterned with a design of lilies-of-the-valley—altogether, a dress which is a materialised poem both in colouring and design.

Last of all comes a tender grey peau-de-Chine gown, the skirt quite plain save for some corded pipings on the hips, while over the shoulders of the bodice—which, by the way, is cut in a square at the neck, and has some lovely old lace drawn down to a point at the waist—fall quaint stoles of lace embroidered with turquoises. The sleeves are distinctly notable, for many rows of piping keep them faithfully close to the shoulders, while at the elbows they break out into goodly sized puffs, only to be caught into tight bondage again at the cuffs, which are finished with a soft ruffling of lace. Moreover, there is a little grey cape lined with white satin, and with a foam of cloudy grey chiffon at the neck; and also a hat of the same silk, the brim studded with turquoises, and some soft feathers being added for sole trimming—such a lovely hat that it is matter for regret that Magda does not have a chance of wearing it.

So ends the tale of the lovely gowns which fall to the share of the luckless Lyceum heroine. And now a word about a very different person, far removed from tragedy as the North Pole is from the South—"Mam'zelle Nitouche" to wit, in the fascinating person of Miss May Yohe. Her two first costumes are models of demure school-girl propriety, one in dove-grey cashmere, with white muslin sleeves, and finely tucked lawn apron and cuffs; the other a terra-cotta travelling-pelisse, accompanied by a Leghorn hat, where black velvet baby ribbon and trails of dog-roses are the trimming.

Then the change comes, and we see Miss Yohe at her loveliest in a gown of Eastern fashion, where the soft white gauze is held in to the figure by a jewelled zouave, all sewn with gold sequins and pearls, while round the hips, holding in the accordion-pleated folds of the yellow gauze skirt, powdered with sequins, goes a sash of yellow satin, elaborately embroidered and fringed with pearls and crystals. There are long hanging sleeves, too, of transparent white gauze, embroidered with pearls, and Miss Yohe wears her dusky hair in unfettered and picturesque looseness.

Following this dress comes a French bugler's costume, where the drab military cloak reveals glimpses of brilliant scarlet breeches, caught into regulation riding-boots.

Miss Florence Levey, as Corinne, has a gauzy costume which is a harmony in delicate green and pink, the two colours melting into each other and shading off into white in the most fascinating manner, a wealth of mauve convolvulus-blossoms adorning the bodice and trailing on to the skirt, where the gleam of gold sequins shines through the misty folds with every graceful movement of Corinne's dance. FLORENCE.



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MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL IN "MAGDA."

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on June 11.

There has been a good supply of cash in the market, and Consols, with other first-rate securities, including Corporation stocks and Colonials, have been in great demand. The Cape Budget, showing a surplus of a million and a quarter, has helped the Colonial Market, and especially this Colony's issues and those of its neighbour Natal. The absurd prices to which high-class securities have been pushed are well exemplified by the success of the 2½ debenture issues of the East India and Bengal-Nagpur Railways, which both fetched over £102·7, and represent a 2½ per cent. basis of borrowing. In Americans things appear to be waiting political developments and the decision of the two great party organisations on the everlasting silver question. If the Republican Convention should declare in favour of sound money the long-expected rise would certainly come.

INDIAN RAILWAYS.

The interest of investors in the prosperity of Indian Railways is more or less of an academic character, because in the great majority of cases the rate of dividend or interest on which purchasers rely is a direct obligation of the Indian Government, and the prospects of a surplus over the guaranteed rate are somewhat remote. There are, however, one or two exceptions, notably the Great Indian Peninsula; and, as "hope springs eternal in the human breast," there are people who expect some day to receive a surplus dividend on such stocks as Madras Railway Guaranteed. We imagine, however, that before this becomes possible the Government will exercise its option of purchase. There are some Indian Railway undertakings which are not backed by a Government guarantee, and the reports of all the companies are, in any case, interesting as an index to the condition of Indian trade.

Some of the reports of the most important companies are still to come, but those which have been published for the half-year to Dec. 31 last indicate a fairly satisfactory state of affairs. Both in passengers and merchandise they have all done well, and there has been no striking increase in the working expenses. The Madras Railway above referred to had a substantial increase of some £33,000, and saved £4000 in working expenses. This does not bring it very near to earning the amount of the guarantee; and we have also to keep in mind the fact that much of the increase was due to an advance in the rate of passenger fares. But, after all allowance for that consideration, the company has done well, and an examination of the reports before us confirms the impression that, as a rule, Indian trade is looking up. The Bengal and North-Western has not done so well as most of the others, owing to special expenditure on the permanent way, but this circumstance does not affect the general conclusion.

HOME RAILWAY TRAFFICS.

The Home Railway traffic returns published last week make the aggregates a fair comparison with those of 1895, as the figures for the two years cover both the Easter and the Whitsuntide holidays. We have now the totals for twenty-two weeks for the English companies, and, without an exception among the important lines, there has been a substantial increase in the gross revenue, which ought to work out very comfortably for the shareholders when the dividends come to be fixed for the half-year ending with the present month. There is no reason to expect for this half-year an increase in the ratio of expenditure, and the increases, of which we record below the most important, are large enough to bear a considerable deduction and still leave something important for addition to the dividend—

Increase for twenty-two weeks:—Great Eastern, £87,469; Great Northern, £87,294; Great Western, £254,050; Lancashire and Yorkshire, £141,675;

London, Brighton, and South Coast, £60,175; London, Chatham, and Dover, £38,117; London and North-Western, £252,235; London and South-Western, £100,491; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, £56,763; Midland, £170,583; North-Eastern, £274,390; South-Eastern, £57,379.

Increase for eighteen weeks:—Caledonian, £86,127; Glasgow and South-Western, £27,519; North British, £71,964.

In the above list it will be seen there are three companies which have already scored increases exceeding a quarter of a million sterling, a gain which, even on their large capitalisation, is of more than passing importance. It is little wonder that the demand for Home Railway stocks continues on such a scale, and that nobody is surprised by a rise of three or four points in a single day on "Berwicks," "Brums," or "Mids."

A BIG PRIVATE BANK.

When the arrangements are completed and carried into effect for the amalgamation of the various banking interests headed by Barclay and Co., the combined institution will be about the biggest thing of the kind on record. Barclay, Bevan, and Co., we need hardly say, is a firm of historical interest. Backhouse and Co. and Gurney's are, perhaps, the most famous of the private provincial banking houses; and the other firms which are coming into the amalgamation—namely, Bassett, of Buckingham; Goslings, of Fleet Street; Mortlock, of Cambridge; Gibson Tuke, of Saffron Walden; Molineux Williams, of Brighton; Sharples, of Hertford; Sparrow Tufnell, of Chelmsford; Veasey, of Huntingdon; and Woodall, of Scarborough—are all of old establishment and honourable reputation.

THE SIMPSON LEVER-CHAIN.

The Catford ground was packed with spectators on Saturday afternoon to see three of the best cycle-riders in the world testing the merits of Mr. Simpson's famous lever-chain by a series of races against three no less famous opponents using the ordinary form of gear. As a means of forming a judgment on the advantages or otherwise of the new invention, in theory races where the personal element so largely predominates are by no means ideal, but for picturesque advertisement and catching the public eye nothing could be more effective. The vast concourse of spectators, drawn from all sorts and conditions of men and women, testified to the interest which is taken in cycling and cycling inventions.

Proceedings commenced with a big parade of the pace-makers, and no prettier sight was ever seen on a cycle track than the light-blue riders, who swept at a slow pace round the big track like a great cloud and gave an English crowd their first sight of the famous "Gladiator" pacers, who have done so much to make thirty miles an hour an accomplished fact. Proceedings opened with a five-mile match between C. J. Barden, representing the plain chain, and J. Michael, riding for the Simpson Company. The Welsh baby on his 104 gear looked absurd, and proved quite unequal to the task of extending Barden, who finished alone without exerting himself in 10 min. 40 2-5 sec. The display on Michael's side was too bad to be true, and there were all sorts of stories going about as to the little fellow having been drugged.

This was a bad beginning for the Simpson party; but in the hour match which followed, Tom Linton, pitted against J. W. Stocks, very soon showed that matters were by no means hopeless, for, after a brilliant lap or two from Stocks in the first few miles, Linton had him settled, and won (making a British record of 29 miles 643 yards) by over a mile. In this race and the Fifty Miles the vast superiority of the "Gladiator" pacing was so evident that loud and deep were the growlings of the plain-chain partisans at the advantage thus obtained by their opponents.

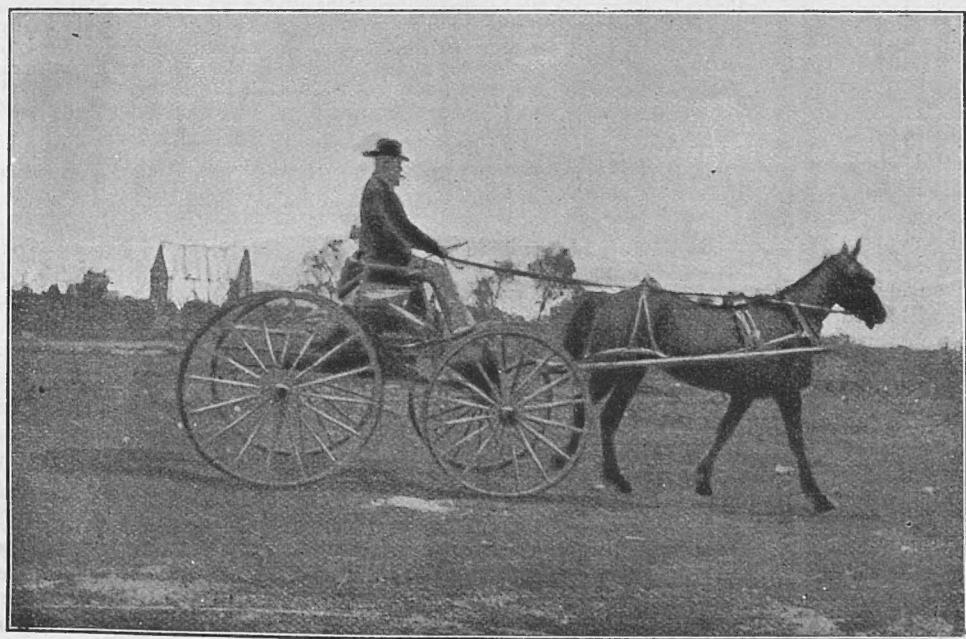
Undoubtedly the event of the day was the Fifty Miles, in which Mr. Simpson, not caring to trust his fortunes to Michael again, put up the famous Frenchman, Huret, to oppose A. A. Chase. From start to finish it was a stubbornly contested affair, and, although Huret won by over half a mile in the world's record time of 1 hour 42 min. 42 ½ sec., Chase rode magnificently, and in the last two miles reduced the victor's lead by quite half a lap. Both men were loudly and deservedly cheered.

So ended this historic bicycle meeting, with a victory for the Simpson chain by two events to one, the creation of one British and one world's record, and a general impression on the minds of those who looked on that the chain was a factor of no mean importance in victory. Whether the price of Simpson Chain shares is likely to rise as the result we hardly know, but we cannot doubt that it will come into far more general use than heretofore.

WEST AUSTRALIANS.

Despite the *African Critic*, which, we willingly acknowledge, is a well-informed journal on its own matters, we are not inclined to advise our readers that the West Australian Market is merely a clever piece of wire-pulling by professional operators; but, at the same time, there is a hatful of rubbish being industriously puffed by the baser sort of tout, and great caution should be observed in purchasing the low-priced shares as to which the country is being flooded with circulars.

Of the various mines we have from time to time recommended we see no reason to change our opinion, and *very* good accounts of the developments in the



PROFESSOR W. NICHOLAS ON THE WAY TO BURBANK'S BIRTHDAY GIFT MINE.

Paddington Consols property reach us, so much so that we know insiders have been buying even at present prices. As to Menzies Golden Age, we understand that, so far, no water has been struck, and the directors are delaying the purchase of machinery until they are able to solve this difficulty. The mine is so well situated that it is impossible to believe it will not prove a large gold-producer, but this water trouble may delay results.

From time to time we have referred to Professor William Nicholas as the first expert on gold in Western Australia, and we have even gone so far as to recommend properties on the mere fact of his being associated with them. This week we are able to give a portrait of the "Hays Hammond" of Westralia in his buggy, as he was photographed by a friend of ours on the way to his pet mine. Professor Nicholas is by no means an optimist—indeed, if he has a fault, it is the other way—but he has given up a fine position in the Melbourne University because of his belief in the gold of Coolgardie, which is the best evidence he can give of his faith in the future.

MESSRS. CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL, AND CO.

A member of this firm was good enough to call upon us with regard to our remarks under the heading of "An Object-Lesson" in our issue of May 27 last. The gentleman's chief complaint was with the length of the letters which the correspondent who complained to us insisted on writing to the firm; but, put shortly, Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell, and Co. say that if, on receipt of the first letter which we published, our correspondent had put his bonds in an envelope and sent them to the firm, he would have got his original purchase-money returned, less five shillings for each drawing which had taken place since he bought, and that all the correspondence was unnecessary. We do not doubt that this would have been so; but this return would have been considerably below the current market-price, and, as our correspondent originally gave over the market-price and could only have sold on this plan at considerably below it, the advice we have always given with regard to the firm in question seems to us more than justified.

HORSELESS CARRIAGES.

Almost alone among the Press we advised our readers to leave this concern alone, and the event has more than justified us in our advice. Sixty or seventy thousand was not a magnificent subscription after all the advertising! To tell the truth, we have a vivid recollection of Mr. Lawson's famous British Cattle-Foods Company (which, perhaps, he imagines is forgotten), and of the Scottish Issue Company under whose wing some of this gentleman's unfortunate promotions have been presented to the public, and our inconvenient memory stood us in good stead on this occasion. Some day, when we can find time to compile it, we shall publish a list of the companies which Mr. H. J. Lawson has promoted, and what has become of them. We trust none of our readers will subscribe to Mr. Lawson's big Beeston Cycle venture to be shortly issued.

"BARNEY" AND HIS COMPANIES.

Mr. Barnato when he returns from South Africa ought to be received with acclamations by the holders of Rand mining shares and those of kindred companies. There is no doubt that his work out there has played a very important part in bringing about the comparatively satisfactory outcome as to the sentences on the members of the Reform Committee. There has for long been talk about a probable amalgamation of the various companies which Mr. Barnato controls, and now these rumours have taken concrete form to the effect that a gigantic combination is on hand to include the Barnato Bank, the Consolidated Mines, the New Primrose, the Glencairn, the Langlaagte Royal, the May Consolidated, the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment, the Johannesburg Waterworks, and some outcrop mining companies. These amalgamated interests would be a huge affair, and to join them into a powerful corporation certainly seems a better plan than to shut down the mines and sell the other properties, as Mr. Barnato threatened to do.

OUR MISTAKE.

After all, Woodstock (Transvaal) shares have touched almost £2 within a few days of the mistake for which we apologised last week, so that our readers have no cause to regret their purchases, which, judging from the number of letters we received, must have been numerous. When we gave these shares for a rise we heard that Mr. Barnato was trying to acquire an interest in the property, and we have every reason to believe that a deal of some sort in this direction will be carried through, and that the shares will go even higher; indeed, we know of the most influential buying inspired by African telegrams at the current quotation.

ISSUES.

The Elswick Cycles Company, Limited, is through its bankers offering 100,000 6 per cent. preference shares and 100,000 ordinary shares for subscription, and if any of our readers have been wise enough to apply for either class, we trust they will be successful in securing allotments, for, as a good progressive industrial investment, we have the highest opinion of this company, which deals in the very best class of goods, and, having once secured a customer, never loses him. For those of our readers who are looking out for something to buy, we can cordially recommend these shares, not for the purpose of premium-hunting, but for investment. We believe the company's securities will prove as satisfactory as its cycles, which is saying a great deal.

Singer's Cycle Company, Limited, with a share and debenture capital of £800,000, is another cycle company of which we can speak with

favour. The business is old-established and of the highest class, and behind the enterprise stand the same people who handled so successfully the great Pneumatic Tyre Company. Both the preference and ordinary shares are fair industrial risks, and those who obtain allotments of either are sure to do well.

The Friendship Gold-mine, Limited, with a small capital of £85,000, is closely connected with the successful Lady Loch Gold-mine. The property seems to have been developed to a considerable extent, and probably the concern is a fair mining risk, although we hardly feel inclined to advise our readers to apply.

The Cambridge, Limited, with a small capital of £65,000, is offering 13,000 £5 shares for subscription. The premises form one of the best-known music-halls in East London, and are freehold. The directorate appears to be of a kind to bring success, and we see no reason why the Company should not turn out well. Extensive alterations, amounting to practically rebuilding, are promised, and the vendor guarantees 7 per cent. until the new and improved building is opened.

Saturday, June 6, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. H.—Apply to the Equitable of the United States Insurance Company for a quotation of an annuity. You will be safe enough in this way, but, if the money were our own, we should embark in business with it. Even by investing in such things as United States Brewery debentures you could get over 5 per cent. with reasonable safety.

H. M.—We wrote you fully on the 2nd inst.

SPEC.—All your questions were answered in our letter of the 1st inst.

A. N.—We explained the Woodstock mistake last week. See "Notes" about the mine.

CYMR.—We posted your application for Hannan's North Crosses the day it was received. Our opinion was that, as new mines go, it had a good chance.

G. M.—We replied fully to your inquiries on the 4th inst.

WAY.—We fully expect to see Dunlop deferred reach 10s. premium, and are holding our own for this. As soon as the special settlement is fixed, we have an idea that there will be a rise. Do not expect a dividend for six months.

L. D.—We shall see that all our correspondents get allotments when the time comes. The issue will not be made till the first week in July. If you have not made a profit over Beeston Rims it is your own fault, for they were at a premium after allotment. We think the company will do well enough for the next few months.

W. G. H.—We sent you the information you wanted on the 3rd inst.

News.—You shall have an advance prospectus and an allotment of some sort; but as the issue will only be of preference shares, carrying 5 per cent. interest, you must not expect a big premium. As an investment they will be first-rate.

Stock.—We think very badly of all the concerns you name except Maynard's, and with even that we are not in love.

VERDANT.—We know nothing of the company you name, but will make inquiries, and, if we can get any information, give it to you next week.

KYLE.—We think you are wise about your Yankee Rails. As to your questions, we don't like any of the things you mention; if you want a speculation, buy Woodstock (Transvaal) and Nobel's Dynamite shares.

SEESTU.—We do not know if we have read your alias correctly, but hope so. The Newspaper issue will not be out till the first week in July. We think you may safely hold your Tea shares for a time at least.

C. K. P.—You shall have an early prospectus. See last answer.

ROKI.—A fair industrial concern. We prefer Elswick or Singer.

JOHN KNOX.—(1) Fairly reliable, but, dealing at tape prices, they have a little the best of it. They always pay. (2) Hold. See our "Notes." (3) We think it may do well for a few months, but is not a desirable investment.

AMI.—(1) We really know nothing about the Racecourse Company, which is not dealt in on the Stock Exchange. (2) A fair speculation.

T. H. L. H.—We wrote to you and sent back the papers on the 6th inst.

SEASIDE.—We think you have little to complain of. The figures of tape prices given in brackets are the closing quotation the evening before, and no broker can ensure buying at the first tape quotation. You may have paid $\frac{1}{4}$ th too much for Chartered, but got Randfontein well below the top. We believe the people you name are all right.

RAIN.—We think well of Nos. 1 and 5. As to the rest we are not in love with them. (7) There is a mine called Menzies Queensland, we believe, and, if common report can be trusted, it is the finest property in the district. The company is a colonial one, and not dealt in here.

WELLEN.—We know nothing about Towlanna Gold which enables us to advise. You seem to have a big idea of the value of Hannan's Proprietary. We also think them very valuable, but unless you were prepared to hold for months we hardly expect your price.

G. W. S.—See answer to "Seestu."

G. J. W.—Average if you can afford it. Get rid of the Bank shares, and buy Nobel's Dynamite.

Lovers of old furniture will flock to Taylor's auction-rooms, Sloane Street, where a magnificent stock of furniture and upholstery, the property of Messrs. Marler and Bennett (who are going in for alterations), will be on sale until the 22nd inst.

The South-Western station at Ascot is within four hundred yards of the Grand Stand, the whole distance being by an asphalted path, and the company announce that on the race-days special fast trains for Ascot will leave Waterloo from 9.30 a.m. until 12.45 p.m., returning from Ascot after the races. The same fares will be charged on all the four race-days.

The Great Western Railway are also running excursions to the course.

A new four-horse coach has been put upon the road by Messrs. Spiers and Pond. It is called "The Criterion," and leaves their establishment of that name in Piccadilly Circus at 11.30 a.m. every week-day, proceeding *via* Putney, Richmond, Twickenham, Teddington, Bushey Park, Hampton Court, and Thames Ditton to the Southampton Hotel at Surbiton, where a two hours' stop is allowed for luncheon, which in fine weather is served at separate tables on the lawn. It then returns *via* Ewell, Worcester Park, Coombe Warren, and Roehampton, arriving in London at 6.30.